

The March

Leathorneck★

MAGAZINE OF

MISS HELEN HOWARD
351 E. ELEANOR ST
PHILADELPHIA 20, PA.
1-48A
2169163
A57424



ME! I'M A DOLLAR WISE MARINE

*Some sound facts in
Dollars and common Sense
that you can't brush off!*

The average annual wage during 1945 in American manufacturing industries, including durable and non-durable goods, was \$2,300. This figure is taken from Department of Labor statistics. \$2,300 a year comes to about \$191 a month but a Marine private making \$75 a month can top this and a comparative table proves it.

Proof of the Payoff

EXPENSES

	Civilian Worker	Marine Private
Lodging	\$ 30.00	\$.00
Meals	50.00	.00
Clothes	15.00	.00
Medical, dental care	5.00	.00
Insurance	10.00	6.50
Income tax	22.00	.00
Transportation	6.00	.00
Laundry, cigarettes, haircuts	15.00	10.00
Incidentals	10.00	10.00
	<u>\$163.00</u>	<u>\$26.50</u>

INCOME AND BALANCE

	Civilian Worker	Marine Private
Monthly salary	\$191.00	\$75.00
Deduct — expenses	163.00	26.50
Salary remaining	<u>\$ 28.00</u>	<u>\$48.50</u>

The civilian worker has \$28 remaining out of his pay. The Marine private has \$48.50 left over from his \$75 pay envelope and these figures are based on the MINIMUM pay you can receive in the Marine Corps.



A Dollar Wise Pamphlet recently published explains fully the many advantages you immediately acquire by affiliating yourself with the Marine Corps. For a free copy, go to your nearest Marine Corps Recruiting Office or write direct to the Division of Recruiting, United States Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.



THINK IT OVER
SHIP OVER . . .

U. S. MARINE CORPS

In this Issue

ARTICLES

	PAGE
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.....	3
Journey For Juda.....	10
Polar Pilot.....	12
Subway Coxswain.....	21
China Expedite.....	22
Choremén.....	26
The Red Cross.....	34
The Trip Of The Turtle.....	48
Schools For Marines.....	54

SPORTS

The Basket Bowl.....	31
----------------------	----

FICTION

Mulligan's Stew.....	18
----------------------	----

CARTOONS

Booth's Boots.....	41
Gizmo and 8 Ball.....	39

ENTERTAINMENT

Beauty On Wheels.....	45
Pin-up.....	47

DEPARTMENTS

Bulletin Board.....	29
We—the Marines.....	38
Contest Winners.....	42
Sound Off.....	50
Gyrene Gyngles.....	62

THE LEATHERNECK, MARCH, 1947 VOLUME XXX, NUMBER 3

Published monthly and copyright, 1947, by The Leatherneck Association, Inc., Headquarters Marine Corps, P. O. Box 1918, Washington, D. C. All rights reserved. Stories, features, pictures and other material from THE LEATHERNECK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Washington, D. C. Additional entry at New York, N. Y. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1130, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1925. Postmaster: If forwarding address is unknown, return to sender. Return postage is guaranteed. Price \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to national advertising representative: O'Mara and Ormsbee, Inc., 270 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; 230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 640 New Center Bldg., Detroit, Mich.; Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.; 403 W. Eighth St., Los Angeles, Calif. The opinions of authors whose articles appear in THE LEATHERNECK do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Maj. R. A. Campbell; GENERAL MANAGER: Captain James F. McInteer, Jr.; MANAGING EDITOR: John Conner; ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR: Karl Schuon; PRODUCTION EDITOR: Robert N. Davis; PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTOR: Louis Lowery; ART DIRECTOR: Egon H. Margo; BUSINESS MANAGER: Lieutenant William F. Koehnelein; CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: Joseph A. Bigelow; ASSISTANT EDITORS: Sgts. Lindley Allen, Harry Polato, Edward J. Evans, Frank W. Sewell and Lucius F. Johnston, Jr., Corp. Vernon A. Langille; PFC's Paul W. Hicks, Jr., and Donald H. Edgemon, and Pvt. Herbert M. Hart.

"Advance, Mahoney... I'd know those DYANSHINE'd shoes anyplace!"



YOUR SHOES WILL
ALWAYS LOOK BETTER
LONGER WITH

DYANSHINE Liquid Shoe Polish

Liquid Dyanshine gives quick, easy, long-lasting shines... helps keep shoes soft and comfortable. And when it comes to coloring scuffs and scratches, Dyanshine does an outstanding job.

A scarcity of imported ingredients that give Dyanshine its extra quality means that the supply is limited... so you'll want to follow the directions on the bottle, which make it go farther.



IT'S TOPS AMONG PASTE SHOE POLISHES!



If you'd rather use
a Paste Polish...

Ask for Dyanshine Paste Shoe Polish, made by the makers of famous Liquid Dyanshine. Available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood and Black—in convenient 4-oz. jars or new easy-to-open can.

For your pleasure and hers



...be sure you've got P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

Maybe it's the poise that a pipe suggests—that added look of masculinity it gives you, but a woman likes to see a man smoke a pipe. That's Pipe Appeal!

P.A. means Prince Albert

IF YOU'VE tried a pipe and your tongue said "No," then try Prince Albert—the rich tobacco that's specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Prince Albert is *crimp cut*... packs down easily, smokes cool, burns evenly right to the bottom of the bowl. More pipes smoke P.A. than any other tobacco. Get Prince Albert!

P.A. is great for
"makin's" too!

I NEVER ENJOYED A PIPE SO MUCH
UNTIL I TRIED PRINCE ALBERT
...IT'S EASY ON MY TONGUE—A
JOY TO SMOKE!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

POSTS OF THE CORPS

MARINE BARRACKS

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Garrison detachments fall out for a Friday afternoon inspection, and parade in review in front of the arched

barracks walk and administration building. The post is strictly GI and is reverting back to pre-war standards

By Corp. Vernon Langille

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Eighth and Eye, traditional residence of

Commandants and home of the

Corps, is a historic Capitol landmark

Photos by Sgt. Ray Tyler

Leatherneck Staff Photographer
and Official Marine Corps Photographers

IF SERGEANT JONATHAN MEREDITH could return from Valhalla and walk down Eighth St., S.E., in Washington, he undoubtedly would be amazed at the changes in the district. But when he reached the old Marine compound at the corner of Eye Street, a glint of recognition would probably appear in his steely blue eyes. Meredith is the man who led the first detachment onto the reservation when the original Marine Corps establishment there was completed in 1802.

There is little left there to suggest the "magnificent distances" for which the tiny capital city was first known. The tawdry buildings and creeping corner-store commercialism of an old and decadent section have crowded against the ivy-clad brick of the compound walls. But the majesty of the place, presided over by the stately residence of the Commandant, remains. The drill field, as well-kept as a golf green, is the same one that resounded to the marching of Meredith's men.

For a quarter of a century, from the time that Robert Mullen of Tun Tavern fame turned his saloon into a recruiting center and until after the national capitol had been moved from Philadelphia, the Corps of Marines were homeless offsprings of a mushrooming military family. Even if they had had



Officers' homes at Eighth and Eye are spacious, modern brick buildings which border one side of the parade ground. Some believe this part of the compound was the site of old Center House

a permanent home, it is not likely the sea-soldiers would have been in one place long enough to enjoy it. During that troublesome period in the country's growth, the Marines were kept busy. They had begun their barnstorming fight career at New Providence Island. They were with Washington at Trenton; John Paul Jones off the coast of England; aboard the frigates *Constitution* and *Constellation* in the undeclared war with France, and with Decatur at Tripoli.

In 1800, President John Adams approved a \$20,000 appropriation which established the original Marine Corps garrison in Washington. His successor, Thomas Jefferson, a personal friend of the second Commandant, Colonel William Ward Burrows, helped to select the building site. The tract turned out to be part of a land grant by Charles the First of England to Cecil Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, in 1632. It cost the government an exorbitant sum for that time — \$6,247.18.

The promise of a home in the new capital was especially welcome news to a small detachment of men who had been sent to Washington for guard duty at the Navy Yard. They had been sitting out the Fall of 1800 in a tent encampment on Prospect Hill overlooking the Potomac, but when the silver-tongued Jefferson dedicated the barracks, his complimentary remarks took all the sting out of what had seemed to be neglect in the past.

"This barracks is not a gift to the Corps of Marines," he is quoted as saying. "You men have earned it."

Construction of the Commandant's home, which today is the capital's oldest official building still in use, was not completed until two years after the compound was finished. Old newspaper accounts of the work describe its ambitiousness. Col. Burrows supervised construction and Marines were used to supplement regular work crews. Bricks were moulded by hand from a clay pit dug somewhere between the present compound and the Navy Yard at the foot of Eighth Street.

Besides the Commandant's home at one end of the approximately two-and-one-half-acre quadrangle, the original headquarters consisted of a two-story range of brick buildings and sheds at the opposite end. The same area is now occupied by administrative offices of the U. S. Marine Corps Band and its auditorium, a sick bay and a guard room. A low, one-story building and the famous Center House occupied one side. Barracks, headquarters office buildings, a stable, carriage shed, storeroom and washroom occupied the other side. Within the enclosure was a swimming pool, long since removed, and the hull of an old ship, placed there to remind the Marines they were seagoing. A stone wall, two feet thick and ten feet high, followed the perimeter of the compound.

Before the barracks was 12 years old, it had become a focal point in early American history. During the War of 1812, General C. A. Ross, in command of several thousand invading Redcoats, commandeered the compound for the use of his Army.

He stabled his mounts in the basement of the Commandant's quarters and reserved the upper stories for himself and his staff. The three-foot brick walls were like those of a fortress. Although Fleet Admiral Cockburn's orders were to "leave the city in ashes," he decided to spare the Marine compound.

During the two weeks before they shoved off to the Gulf of Mexico and a December assault against the city of New Orleans, the British are thought to have discovered the hiding place of a military chest containing \$25,000 in Marine Corps funds. The cash was the remainder of an appropriation set aside to pay, feed and clothe the Marines for the year 1814.

According to the story, two sergeants were detailed to guard the strongbox when the detachment pulled out to reinforce troops defending the capital. But when news reached the guards that the Redcoats had broken through at a point near Bladensburg, Md., they buried the treasure in the compound yard, joined their comrades in the already lost battle and were killed the same day. Workmen were told to be on the lookout for the chest in the barracks renovations which followed, but it was never reported found.

In the closing decade of the 19th Century, the post underwent a series of face-liftings which altered its appearance to approximately what it is today. The original barracks was condemned to make way for larger quarters suited to a rapidly-growing organization. Appropriations amounting to some \$300,000 were made within the next few years for construction of a new barracks block for enlisted men, a mess hall, gymnasium, auditorium, officers' quarters, a brick wall to replace the old stone one, and an iron grillwork gate.

The last of the really old buildings to be razed was Center House, a structure that, if buildings were articulate, could tell of exciting episodes in the history of the nation and the Corps. Center House had once been occupied by barracks commanders, and in its last days was used as a receiving center for recruits. Early American apostles of Democracy, including Jefferson, were frequent visitors to the building where they sought the opinions of much-traveled Marine officers. Many a President, and foreign dignitary, came and went through the big stone archway that lead in those days into the compound.

After his capture, Aaron Burr, according to legend, was confined in Center House. Following his memorable duel with Alexander Hamilton, Burr had escaped to the wilds of Texas and there had tried to set up a monarchy. While awaiting trial for treason, he is said to have carved his full name on a hand-hewn beam in the basement. When the structure later was dismantled, the beam was either lost or burned as were other invaluable relics and old documents of the Corps. An iron vase from Tripoli was among the missing trophies.

Throughout its 145 years, the garrison has been a sightseers' Mecca and a showplace for the sharpest of Marines. Especially before World War II, the



The post plaque gets its daily dose of elbow grease and brightwork polish



Liberty uniforms must be neat to get by Marine guards who "pull the duty"



A ship's bell is used to sound the time on the hour and the half hour

COMMANDING OFFICERS		
MARINE BARRACKS WASHINGTON, D.C.		
LT COL COMSTOCK WILLIAM B. BURGESS MAR 1802-SEP 1814	LT COL COMSTOCK FRANKLIN N. HASTON MAR 1815-OCT 1820	LT COL COMSTOCK ANTHONY GALE OCT 1821-JUN 1831
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1832-SEP 1841	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1842-SEP 1844	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1845-SEP 1846
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1847-SEP 1848	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1849-SEP 1850	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1851-SEP 1852
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1853-SEP 1854	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1855-SEP 1856	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1857-SEP 1858
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1859-SEP 1860	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1861-SEP 1862	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1863-SEP 1864
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1865-SEP 1866	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1867-SEP 1868	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1869-SEP 1870
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1871-SEP 1872	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1873-SEP 1874	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1875-SEP 1876
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1877-SEP 1878	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1879-SEP 1880	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1881-SEP 1882
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1883-SEP 1884	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1885-SEP 1886	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1887-SEP 1888
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1889-SEP 1890	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1891-SEP 1892	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1893-SEP 1894
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1895-SEP 1896	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1897-SEP 1898	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1899-SEP 1900
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1901-SEP 1902	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1903-SEP 1904	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1905-SEP 1906
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1907-SEP 1908	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1909-SEP 1910	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1911-SEP 1912
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1913-SEP 1914	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1915-SEP 1916	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1917-SEP 1918
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1919-SEP 1920	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1921-SEP 1922	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1923-SEP 1924
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1925-SEP 1926	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1927-SEP 1928	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1929-SEP 1930
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1931-SEP 1932	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1933-SEP 1934	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1935-SEP 1936
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1937-SEP 1938	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1939-SEP 1940	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1941-SEP 1942
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1943-SEP 1944	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1945-SEP 1946	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1947-SEP 1948
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1949-SEP 1950	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1951-SEP 1952	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1953-SEP 1954
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1955-SEP 1956	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1957-SEP 1958	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1959-SEP 1960
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1961-SEP 1962	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1963-SEP 1964	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1965-SEP 1966
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1967-SEP 1968	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1969-SEP 1970	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1971-SEP 1972
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1973-SEP 1974	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1975-SEP 1976	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1977-SEP 1978
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1979-SEP 1980	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1981-SEP 1982	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1983-SEP 1984
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1985-SEP 1986	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1987-SEP 1988	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1989-SEP 1990
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1991-SEP 1992	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1993-SEP 1994	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1995-SEP 1996
CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1997-SEP 1998	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 1999-SEP 2000	CAPT LEVY THOMAS JUL 2001-SEP 2002

The familiar names of present-day generals stud the list of past commanding officers appearing on the CO's plaque



Colonel Donald J. Kendall, USMC, is charged with a host of extra duties as CO of the Marine Corps' historic post

post's full dress troops attracted celebrities and travelers from all over the world. It is not uncommon even now to find dozens of admiring spectators crowded around the iron gate when the post detachments turn out for parade.

Because it is the cradle of custom and tradition in the Corps, Eighth and Eye produces a strange and subtle reverence in the recruit who enters it for the first time. It is not unusual for a man to spend weeks adjusting himself to the compound's rigid discipline and spit-and-polish air. An armed sentry pacing his post behind the formidable iron gate does little to alleviate the newcomer's misgivings. In the age-old manner of sentries, the Marine comes to the port arms for every automobile and pedestrian passing through the gate. He presents arms for every officer. His beat is encompassed by the width of the narrow compound road and all his movements must be according to the book.

The recruit learns early in his Eighth and Eye career that the station is 100 per cent GI.

An imposing bronze plaque, which has seen enough bright-work polish to satisfy the toughest police sergeant, is fixed to one of the entrance columns. It serves as more than just a casual reminder that you are entering THE post of the Corps. Because it is the organization's original



**A focal point in history
since 1802, the post once
fell to English Redcoats**



home, the garrison is the keeping place for the Corps' colors. This standard, the only one of its kind, is carried on all parades by a crack color guard. Only an armed party can remove it from its display case in the CO's office. The standard bears 34 brilliant battle streamers. Theatre ribbons, added to it after the latest war, are encrusted with stars representing the campaigns in which Marines fought.

Post personnel are expected to live up to service regulations to the letter. Each week's work is topped with a most thorough inspection of barracks and equipment, followed by a review and inspection outside. For the Friday afternoon parades, which take place in full view of the Commandant's home, the men turn out in dress blues or the new jacket-type greens. Peacetime Marine Corps standards are being systematically re-introduced.

The station's strength is divided into three detachments: Barracks, which provides all personnel for ceremonial purposes, guard and general duty; Marine Corps Institute, charged with educational research, operation and maintenance of the MCI correspondence schools, and the band detachment, whose members make up the famous Marine Corps band. The bandmen maintain their own million-and-a-half-dollar music library and repair their own instruments. Until midway through the war The



A detachment of Marines from the Washington post participated in burial ceremonies for the late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox.

Burial parties are detailed nearly every day by the sergeant major, their size depending upon the deceased's rank or official position

MARINE BARRACKS (cont.)

Leatherneck was quartered there. Because of its rapid expansion, it became necessary to move the magazine offices into downtown Washington.

The barracks detachment includes 224 officers and men. In addition to performing garrison services and functions, it furnishes all special details ranging in size from a squad to a company, for parades, burials, escort and special guards. Requests from authorized outside organizations for attendance of Marines at public affairs are made through Marine Corps Headquarters in Arlington, Va., and are forwarded to the post commanding officer, Colonel Donald J. Kendall, USMC.

The experienced units of post Sergeant Major R. L. Harris are often taxed when he has to shuffle his duty rosters to best utilize the pitifully few men who have been available since war's end. Wholesale demobilization cut Eighth and Eye manpower far below the authorized figure.

Burial parties, ceremonial details and parades comprise the majority of requests for special details. Since all officers, enlisted men and their wives are entitled to internment in Arlington National cemetery, funeral parties are called for daily. The size of a formation and rank of the officer commanding it is determined by the rank or official position of the deceased. Battalions may be called, upon the

At the White House, Major William J. Dickinson and Captain Charles C. Crossfield III are on duty as White House aides. Their duties include escorting unattended guests and supervising generally the numerous courtesies which visitors to the Presidential Mansion are accorded. They wear officers' blues at all times and occupy one of the most tact-demanding positions to be found in the Corps.

The Corps' age-old custom of providing special detachments has involved the small station in many an historical episode. The election riot of 1857 was not the least sensational of these. Notorious "Know-Nothings" imported armed thugs from Baltimore to take over the district polling places and influence voting by intimidation. They provoked such a wild riot that Capital authorities asked the President for a party of Marines to act as riot breakers. While Commandant Archibald Henderson negotiated peace with rebels who were manning a cannon in the street, a platoon of the colonel's Marines rushed the gun, taking the rioters by surprise.

A detachment of 90 Marines from old Eighth and Eye aided in quelling the famous John Brown insurrection of 1859. Under the overall command of Army Colonel Robert E. Lee, the Marine detachment with Lieutenant Israel Greene leading, assaulted a barricaded engine house at Harper's Ferry and captured the besieged Brown and his followers.



A well-stocked PX these days carries its own supply of civilian garments



Recreational facilities, including pool tables, bowling alleys, gymnasium and movies, provide entertainment for off-duty hours



Drum Major Elmer Hansen, left, watches Librarian Theodore Roth filing new scores in the band's \$1,500,000 symphonic collection

deaths of high-ranking statesmen and military leaders. When the detachment cannot muster enough men, it has to request additional troops from Quantico.

At the huge funeral procession for the late President Roosevelt, a battalion of Marines formed a part of the cortege. Two body bearers and a Marine Corps color guard accompanied the body to Hyde Park, N. Y. For the burial of South American Envoy Don Manuel de Freyre Y Santander, a company commanded by a captain was used as part of the funeral escort. One company of Marines was contributed to the armed services honor guard for General Charles DeGaulle when the French leader visited here in 1945. Similarly, Marines have been in attendance for tours in this country by visiting royalty from all over the world. They attended the King and Queen of England during their 1939 visit.

All military awards to Marines in the Severn and Maryland Reserve Naval District are presented through the commanding officer of the Washington post. The recipient has the option of a formal ceremony with accompanying fanfare or private acceptance in the colonel's office. Every imaginable decoration, from the Purple Heart to the Navy Cross, including a Breast Order of Cloud and Banner, given to a Chinese airforce lieutenant by the Chinese Nationalist government, has been presented at the station.

A Marine's day in the home post of the Corps begins at 0615. After "chow down" and roll call, Barracks and MCI detachments stand colors, flanked on the parade ground by a 25-piece drum and bugle corps. The flag-raising routine differs slightly from that in practice on any other post. The Sergeant of the Guard must request permission of the Officer of the Day to raise the national ensign. He then commands a music to strike eight bells and sound colors. The Corporal of the Guard and his assistant hoist Old Glory to the top of a 100-foot pole.

At one time, in accordance with barracks custom, the post sergeant major was expected to witness the ceremony, usually from his window in Room No. 3 of the staff NCO's quarters. It is centrally located in the block overlooking the parade ground and has been traditionally reserved for post sergeants major since 1898 when a sergeant major, Thomas F. Hayes, was commanding officer of the garrison.

Following troop inspection and drill by formations, the place swings into the day's schedule. On days it is not broadcasting, the band devotes the morning to group rehearsal and the afternoon to individual practice. Bandsmen spend between six and eight hours a day behind their instruments. The Drum and Bugle Corps rehearses in the post gymnasium. Within the shadow of General A. A. Vandegrift's home, Marines practice laying in ma-

chine guns on an array of targets scattered over the parade ground.

The Vandegrifts are 18th in the line of Commandants' families to occupy the official residence, and like many of the families which preceded them, they have made their contribution to its improvement.

Colonel Archibald Henderson, Commandant from 1820 to 1860, was the first to remodel the interior of the building. The elaborate battle-scarred staircases and the original cut-glass chandeliers are about all of the inside that has been left of the interior decorating plan, but the outside of the structure has never been materially changed. Wings and porches have been added to alter the general contour, but no amount of paint has been able to hide the crude masonry and irregular shape of the original handmade bricks.

A lasting and valuable tradition was introduced by Major General George C. Barnett when he assumed leadership of the Corps in 1914. It was the general's idea to portray the story of changing Marine Corps officers' uniforms by acquiring paintings of all the Commandants previous to himself. More than a century had elapsed since the first Commandant took office, making it necessary to copy paintings from daguerreotypes and woodcuts, as well as photographs. The collection is added to by each successive Commandant, who is expected to leave his own portrait in the reception room gallery.

Gen. Vandegrift, the 18th Commandant, moved

into the house shortly after he took office in January, 1944. He brought with him a valuable collection of war mementos which is now displayed in a spacious hall on the second floor.

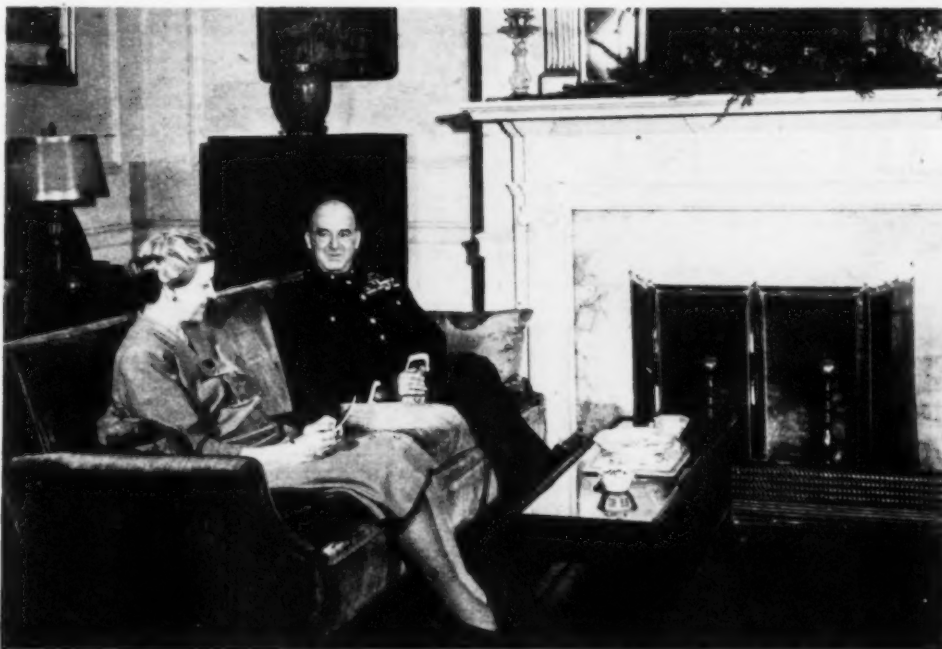
Mrs. Vandegrift has enriched the already luxurious furnishings with a collection of old Chinese porcelain and many fine pieces of Chinese art gathered while her husband was in command of the American Legation Guard in Peking. Two black and two red lacquer chests, an altar table and frescoes, taken from Chinese hill temples, are among the items. Her most notable improvement of the home is a garden in front of the house, separated from the parade ground by a hedge. She has adapted the spacious area to outdoor receptions. Here, on Wednesday nights during the summer season, the Vandegrifts and their friends can be seen listening to the traditional concerts played by the Marine Corps Band.

The band's traditional participation in Presidential inaugural ceremonies, state functions and Marine Corps activities has won for it the constant approbation and esteem of our people, to use the words of Gen. Vandegrift.

Shortly after November 10, 1775, when the Continental Congress made a decision and said in effect "let there be Marines and in a hurry please," the citizens of Philadelphia were stirred by rattling of drums and lilt-fing fifes. Drumheads were decorated with rattlesnakes and the accompanying warning, "Don't Tread On Me." The motto, still in use by the band today, continues to interpret the Marines' challenge to aggressors.

The earliest musics were used to warm the blood of prospective recruits for the new Corps. Most of these soon were to be killed. Some fell in battles aboard ship during the French naval war and others died on battlefields. The few who were retained in the old capital became the nucleus of the first authorized Marine Corps band which was officially established through an Act of Congress 23 years later, in 1798, while it was under leadership of Drum Major William Farr.

When the Corps moved its headquarters to Washington, Com-



General and Mrs. Vandegrift await the arrival of New Year's day guests in the spacious living room of their official residence. General Vandegrift became Commandant in 1944

mandant Burrows asked Farr to bring his musicians along. The bandsmen roughed it for a while on Prospect Hill until the Marines were given temporary quarters; and later, when the Corps occupied its first home, the band was given a headquarters at one end of the compound. Since that time the musical group never has been separated from the men for whom it proudly exists.

The band became a popular gloom-chaser in the sparsely settled national capital. Its 34 players made their official debut at the White House before President Adams on New Year's Eve, 1801. Since then it has played for every inauguration and for every President. Although George Washington, whose administration preceded its official



The Marine Corps band carried out an old Corps custom when it serenaded the Commandant and Mrs. Vandegrift on New Year's day



As a special tribute to the Virginia-born couple, Band Leader Santelmann directs his group in "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"

MARINE BARRACKS (cont.)



EDITOR'S NOTE—These men have commanded the Marine Corps from its earliest days to the present time. Missing from the series is Anthony Gale, the fourth Commandant, whose photograph is not available. He served from March 3, 1819, to October 8, 1820.



MAJOR SAMUEL NICHOLAS
First Commandant, 1776-1781



COL. WILLIAM W. BURROWS
Second Commandant, 1798-1804



LIEUT. COL. FRANKLIN WHARTON
Third Commandant, 1804-1818



BRIG. GEN. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON
Fifth Commandant, 1820-1859



COL. JOHN HARRIS
Sixth Commandant, 1859-1864



BRIG. GEN. JACOB ZEILIN
Seventh Commandant, 1864-1876



COL. CHARLES G. McCAWLEY
Eighth Commandant, 1876-1891



MAJ. GEN. CHARLES HEYWOOD
Ninth Commandant, 1891-1903



existence, never had occasion to call upon it, he once commented upon hearing the volunteer pipers and drummers on parade in Philadelphia. Today, the famous musical organization bears the title "Band of the Presidents."

During its existence, Congress has many times enacted legislation to increase the size of the band and the pay of the bandmen. Its present strength provides for 85 members, although only 75 are on duty. This figure has been authorized by the Commandant but has not yet been approved by Congress. When it first reached 60 members, leader

William F. Santelmann, father of the present leader and its director for 29 years, began work on a symphony orchestra within its already polished musical structure. The elder Santelmann introduced the requirement that all bandmen play two instruments, one for band and one for orchestra. After four years of preparation, the orchestra was introduced at the White House in 1902. Programs within the Presidential Manor since have been customarily included on the season's concert schedule.

The band has been called upon many times in

cases of national bereavement. It played funeral marches for Zachary Taylor and Abraham Lincoln, and accompanied the body of James A. Garfield to Cleveland. At the funeral of William McKinley, it played hymns that had been favorites of the deceased President. It was again assigned the place of honor among all armed service musical organizations, to lead the enormous procession at the funeral of President Roosevelt.

Band ranks and rates of pay differ from any found in the regular service and are created directly by Congressional enactment. The leader holds a



MAJ. GEN. GEORGE F. ELLIOTT
Tenth Commandant, 1903-1910



MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM F. BIDDLE
Eleventh Commandant, 1911-1914



MAJ. GEN. GEORGE BARNETT
Twelfth Commandant, 1914-1920



MAJ. GEN. JOHN A. LEJEUNE
Thirteenth Commandant, 1920-1929



MAJ. GEN. WENDELL NEVILLE
Fourteenth Commandant, 1929-1930



MAJ. GEN. BEN H. FULLER
Fifteenth Commandant, 1930-1934



MAJ. GEN. JOHN H. RUSSELL
Sixteenth Commandant, 1934-1936



LIEUT. GEN. T. J. HOLCOMB
Seventeenth Commandant, 1936-1943



GEN. A. A. VANDEGRIFT
Eighteenth Commandant, 1944-...



rank equivalent to a captain. By Marine Corps standards, the drum major is a master technical sergeant while principal musicians are equal in grade to gunnery sergeants. Other ranks include second class musicians, sergeants and third class musicians.

William F. Santelmann, the present leader, began the study of music when he was six years old, under tutorship of his father, then the Marine Band leader. The younger Santelmann entered the organization in 1923 and became second leader in 1935. Upon retirement, in 1940, of Taylor Branson, to whom his

father had handed the baton, Santelmann assumed leadership.

It is Santelmann's belief that the band is a career in itself, and not a stepping stone to civilian musical organizations. Although some of its former players are now with outside groups, all but a very small percentage of them remain with the band until retirement from the Marine Corps. Second Leader Henry Webber joined the group 32 years ago. Nearly all its present members have eight years or more of service.

Besides its concert schedule and twice-weekly

broadcasts over Mutual and National Broadcasting Company networks, the band answers all requests for services that are deemed military, official or patriotic and approved by the Commandant. The group can at no time leave the capital without express permission from the White House.

The custom and tradition preserved at Eighth and Eye make it Post No. 1 in the Corps. Its job is an historic one — to maintain the color and demonstrate the efficiency of one of the world's crack fighting forces. The Corps is daily judged by what is done at the old post.

END

Journey for Juda

By Karl Schuen

THE KING wasn't really doing wrong, it just looked wrong. In the early dawn on the Kwajalein airfield a mere vice admiral, a tired-looking shipbuilder and an ordinary congressman stood idly by while the King of Bikini and his royal interpreter wearily hoisted their baggage out of the car parked beside the huge, black amphibious plane.

His Royal Highness might have been forgiven for this breach of conduct had his fling at being a porter ended there, but it kept happening throughout the long jaunt from Kwajalein to his new home on Rongerik and from there, again, to his former realm, Bikini, for a look-see at the results of Test Able.

The King may have been a little clothes conscious since the other members of the party wore epaulets, yards of gold braid and well-pressed khaki. Both King Juda and his royal translator were, if anything, plainly dressed in salty, cast-off Seabee dungarees. The King also wore a green baseball hat, an eccentric touch.

Both the congressman and the shipbuilder were overburdened with an abundance of fancy cameras. Although they may have thought they were snoring the King it has been since established that His Majesty's fascination lies in other directions. His real passion is fountain pens.

The "cameramen" turned out to be members of the President's Evaluation Commission, bound for Bikini to get the complete dope on the atomic bomb. The flight schedule provided for a stop-over at Rongerik in order that the King, Juda the First, might attend to a few matters concerning his 164 subjects who had been moved there from Bikini some time before Test Able. The congressman and the vice admiral decided to make this visit pay off in a series of speeches.

The hop from Kwajalein to Rongerik was a pleasant conversational soiree with Joseph, the King's interpreter, holding forth from the pedestal usually reserved for Hollywood press agents. Except for the most intricate questions concerning King Juda's private life, the coffee-colored translator

provided the information without bothering his regal boss with a relay of queries.

The King had slipped off into a sullen reverie while Joseph issued statements. Joseph said, in astoundingly good English, that his people had been much happier on Bikini. They were not complaining, of course, but they were hungry for better fish and sweeter coconuts.

The King's spell was broken when his mouthpiece shut up and one of the plane's crew pulled a lengthy short-snorter from his billfold and handed it to the King himself. With a flourish, Juda the First produced his fountain pen and in an appropriate place wrote, Juda, King of Bikini. Then for a long time he sat and stared at his pen, smiling.

Rongerik appeared below the port side of the plane and after a number of stomach-stiffening spirals followed by a thundering glide, the bottom of the plane met the water with a tearing, ripping sound.

"These things always come in as if they're being shot down," Joseph remarked.

Two rubber boats scudded across the lagoon to the plane. The Royal Interpreter leaned out to greet a grinning Bikiniese. Someone asked if it was the King's Navy.

"This is the lend-lease half of it," said Joseph. It was hard to tell whether he was merely joking.

On the shore a formal reception line had been arranged to meet the visiting dignitaries. Moppets, knee-high to a midget, and old men in their wrinkles and best Sunday manners, extended handshakes and, in spite of the fact that it was the middle of the afternoon, mouthed heavily accented "Good mornings." Some of the younger receptionists who had been at the head of the line ran back to the end of the line for a second handshake. They were very much interested in the cameras the congressman and the shipbuilder were bearing.

At the conclusion of the pleasantries, the visitors were herded into the Royal Bikiniese Council Hall, a thatched roof coliseum with a woven mat floor and no walls. The whole had been transported from



Juda's regal attire may have been unusual and his royal deportment may have been disappointing, but His Majesty's antics certainly were not boring



Bikini by Seabees when the natives were dispossessed of their original paradise.

The sight-seeing tourists seated themselves in the fore part of the building and the dusky atom bomb exiles settled down on the floor and looked expectant. It was soon evident that an important problem in protocol was developing. The King seemed to be missing.

After a lot of informal yelling and name-calling about the area, His Majesty was found sitting quietly in the rear of the room. He came forward, after some argument, and squeezed into a seat between the two rotund photographers. The meeting proceeded.

The only dead spots in the whole affair were the speeches. Not only the congressman and the shipbuilder made a speech, everyone did. Some of the Bikinians sat politely through the entire ordeal.

The group then left the Council Hall and hastened to the beach to review the whole Navy. A somewhat dusky admiral perched on the bridge of an outrigger canoe and surveyed his several other outrigger canoes. But the shipbuilder looked more worried than impressed as the party was loaded into the native craft and waded out by paddle toward their plane. Halfway there someone made an important discovery. The King was missing again.

A thorough search located him sitting pensively on the beach, holding a wicker basket and staring gloomily out to sea. He was invited aboard and once more the fleet started out to the plane.

Before they reached their destination the outrigger in which the King was riding turned over. All hands were rescued and the boat bailed out. But — the King was missing. People had started shading their eyes and peering into the lagoon when Juda the First was sighted about a hundred feet away



clinging to his wicker basket and swimming with one arm. His Highness was hauled aboard and this time everyone made it nicely.

During the flight to Bikini it became apparent that the King had brought his lunch in the woven basket, which had been salvaged. Like a kid with peanuts at the circus, he noisily munched fresh coconuts throughout the journey. He had evidently never heard of air sickness.

As the good ship circled Bikini, the King surveyed his former domain with the quiet composure of indifference. When the plane had landed a small boat drew alongside and he got busy. He began the frantic business of pulling out baggage and unloading it onto the boat.

A second boat arrived, loaded with bonafide photographers. One of the cameramen, not noticing the sweating monarch and his valiant struggles, shouted:

"Where's the King? We want to get some pictures."

"This is Juda," someone called back, indicating Juda who was then in the act of hoisting a crewman's seabag out of the plane.

"Well, tell him to make like a King and not a baggage-man," the lensman leered. "We've got to get pictures that look like royalty."

The King complied, posing solemnly. Immediately thereafter he went back to his chosen avocation.

Anyway, three days later aboard the Crossroads flagship, *Mount McKinley*, Juda saw the explosion of an atomic bomb beneath the waters of Bikini lagoon. This was Test Baker. Although his expression betrayed nothing, could he have been thinking of that day when he and his representatives passed the bill to leave their island home and announced their decision in less than 15 minutes?

END



These impressive penguin characters relieve the monotony of the landscape

by Sgt. Edward Evans
Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE eerie half-light of the Antarctic sun gave an unearthly, luminous appearance to the scene as the little single-engine Beechcraft roared noisily along over ice-mantled mountain ranges that seemed to glow like live coals in a bowl of milk. It was cold, 53 degrees below zero. An altimeter needle tickled the 20,000-foot mark.

Technical Sergeant Theodore A. Petras could feel this cold penetrating to the marrow of his bones, even through the thick layers of his fur-lined parka and windproof clothing. But no discomfort could detract from the breath-taking beauty below. Under the scudding plane lay a chaste, virginal world that no man had ever seen before. It was the austere Antarctic of icy glaciers and forbidding valleys. The land was strange, terrifying, and—except for the sound of the plane—silent and sinister.

For hours Petras had been on a photo-mapping mission over this vast panorama. At last he put down his camera and turned to see how the Navy photographer was making out. He found him slumped in his seat, deep in sleep. "We've been up here long enough," Petras thought, "and my gas is getting low—time to head back for the base."

There were no landmarks to guide him on his return flight. Even with an overcast sky above, the snow had a brilliant glow. With no shadows, nothing to judge height or distance by, it was similar to flying blind. He had to depend on instruments and his gyrocompass. As he taxied across the feathery, crusted surface of the snow, a great feeling of relief from weariness came over him. He cut the engine switch and turned to awaken his photographer. It was then that he discovered that Art

wasn't sleeping, but had passed out from lack of oxygen. The altitude had been too much for him.

With a little assistance from the ground crew he carried the Navy chief down the tunnel to the quarters under the snow and helped to revive him. Then he returned to see that his plane was properly secured against the howling blizzard coming up. That completed, he went back to his quarters and, after stripping off his heavy clothing, proceeded to take the chill out of his own numbed hands and feet while the warmth of a hot cup of coffee seeped through his tired body.

It is a long flight from the T/Sgt. Petras piloting under the hazardous conditions of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition of 1939-41, to the Major Petras of today: Pacific war veteran, Commandant's pilot, and commanding officer of the Marine Air Detachment at the Anacostia Naval Air Station. But the adventure-loving "Pete" Petras did make the long span, and there are still memories of penguins, icebergs and the long winter night.

These memories were revived when, in November 1946, Major Petras was one of 159 members of the expedition who were awarded special medals, authorized by Congress, by Navy Secretary James Forrestal. The decorations were awarded "in recognition of invaluable service to the nation by courageous pioneering in polar exploration, which resulted in important geographical and scientific discoveries." Most of these men have recently departed for the Antarctic on another Navy expedition, but Major Petras has remained at Anacostia.

Just how vividly his Antarctic adventure lives on is clear, for it even overshadows his experiences in the Pacific during the war. Plenty of others have

**The Byrd Expedition of 1939-41 was rugged duty for
Major "Pete" Petras, now the commanding
officer of the Marine Air Detachment at Anacostia**

POLAR PILOT



The beauty of this snow-covered peak, discovered in an unexplored area of the Antarctic, inspired the Marine major to name it Mount Josephine

Petras, after his wife. Its gracefully sloping sides rise in bold relief from the vast, cloud-shadowed, icy plain to an altitude of 14,500 feet

been through the war, but not many Marine pilots have flown in the Antarctic. That is the way Pete looks at it, and the many mementos of the expedition around his home and office bear this out.

On the wall of his office hangs a large, well-marked map of the south polar regions, and many photos of aerial views and the base are on hand to illustrate his tales of the expedition's adventures. One of the most startling souvenirs in his home is the three-foot-tall Emperor Penguin, standing just inside the front door. Of course the bird is stuffed (by Petras himself), but the sight is no less an eye-popper. He spent so much time catching the huge bird that his wife's home-coming gift nearly caused him to blow his top. It was a small water-filled globe containing — a tiny penguin.

The first meeting with Petras is enough to explain his choosing the unusual, the adventurous, all his life. This tall dark-haired Grecian has the spirit of his ancient forefathers, the wanderlust of the mythical Odysseus. It was this spirit that caused him to enlist in the Corps, to become a "Flying Devil Dog," soon after seeing a motion picture possessing that title, just before he graduated from high school in 1929.



Dr. F. Fulton Wade, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, Sergeant Felix Ferranto, USMC, Technical Sergeant Theodore Petras and Clyde Griffiths, MM1/c



Petras, then a first lieutenant, flew General A. A. Vandegrift's staff plane at Guadalcanal. Major Petras is still flying the Commandant



One of the Byrd expedition's ski-equipped Curtiss Condors flies over the jagged Ross ice barrier near Little America

He won his wings and served as an enlisted pilot in Haiti, flew as a stunt pilot in the National Air Races, and had just returned from a tour of duty in the Virgin Islands when he heard of the forming of the Third Antarctic Expedition, and of the need for pilots. The call of the wild sounded again, and Petras volunteered.

No one was more surprised than Pete on September 20, 1939, when he received orders to report to Philadelphia for temporary duty with the U. S. Antarctic Service. After the volunteers had spent two months testing, experimenting, and studying the conditions under which they were to live and operate on the ice continent, equipment was finally loaded aboard the *USS Bear* and *North Star*. On the cold, foggy morning of November 22, the close friends and families of the members of the expedition stood on the docks at Philadelphia and watched the two ships sail down the Delaware River and point their bows south.

Nearly two months later, after stops at Panama, Pitcairn Island, and Wellington, New Zealand, the expedition approached its destination. Weather became colder; seas rougher; the sky overcast; and heavy fogs slowed the vessels. When the ships met the loose ice, it was time to don heavy clothing.

The crew's first sight of the Great Ice Barrier came when it raised the "reddish blink" of the Barrier's reflection on the clouds. As the ships neared the ice continent, the outline of the ice mass could be seen reflected on the overcast, and it was soon necessary to wear welder-type dark goggles against the brilliant light. Even without sunshine, the glare of the snow was more than unprotected eyes could stand.

The Marines were the first to land, as tradition would have it. Petras was the first man over the side as they pulled up to the ice, and the only other Marine on the trip, Sergeant Felix Ferranto, radioman, was right behind him. The shelf of ice on which they landed was the fringe of the ice continent. It rose from sea level to sheer walls more than 100 feet high.

All hands had to work long hours to speed the unloading of the ships. If delayed too long they might be caught by a cold spell and be snowbound for the rest of the polar winter. The ships were made fast to the ice, and the first piece of equipment to come over the side was Petras' little Beechcraft cabin plane. As soon as it was on the ice, it was hitched to dog teams and pulled on its skis

to the crest of the barrier. All of the equipment and supplies had to be handled this way to prevent loss when pieces of ice broke off and slid into the sea. This delayed unloading operations many times, and the ships had to move out to open water until the ice chunks had floated clear.

The roughest part of the unloading came when they brought the snow cruiser ashore. It was a mammoth, futuristic-looking craft built of steel plate and weighing 63 tons. To accomplish this difficult task, a ramp of heavy beams and planking was laid from ship deck to the shore. As the huge craft started down under its own power the weight proved too much and the cruiser crashed through the ramp. It was undamaged. The steel construction and pneumatic wheels had saved it. But Petras, who rode her down, declared: "That was the roughest landing I ever made. We thought she was going right through the ice — but our luck held."

The snow cruiser had been designed to carry the small plane on top, operating as a mobile base from which air exploration over the South Pole could be made. But she failed to live up to these ambitious plans. On her first test run she became lodged in a crevasse, and not even the power of the separate engines for each wheel could pull her out. The tractor and an experimental Army tank had to be hooked on to give her a tow.

While the *North Star* was being unloaded at Little America, the main base, the rest of the expedition

set off on the *Bear* to establish East Base at Marguerite Bay, 1800 miles away. When the *North Star* left, the men aboard her moved ashore and pitched tents while they constructed permanent quarters. Building these quarters became the main objective for the first few weeks because it was cold



The Beechcraft plane, piloted by Petras, warms up for a take off on a snowy runway close to the Bay of Whales



**During the long winter night Petras
lived aboard the snow cruiser
and received his mail by broadcast**

— too cold for men not yet accustomed to the sub-zero temperatures. At first they wore all the clothing they could. Later, as they became adjusted to Antarctic weather, they were able to work in only their windproofs.

The air force consisted of three planes: two Curtiss Condors (one of which went to East Base), and the Beechcraft. Although he had flown all types of ships, landing on skis was new to him. Yet Petras made and broke a number of records for that area. Among these were the earliest and latest seasonal flights, the closest flight to the pole, (at 86 degrees South latitude) and the altitude record of 21,000 feet without oxygen. It was on this last hop that Petras' photographer passed out.

Weather conditions made flying schedules very uncertain and hazardous. But, like all Marines, Petras was a Jack-of-all-trades, and his background as a ground crewman in Haiti helped him repair and get his Beechcraft in the air while the other planes were grounded. By the end of the expedition his plane was the only one still flying.

Their final contact with the outside world was broken when the *Bear* headed back to the States. She had returned to Little America after unloading the East Base crew. Here the last shipment of mail to leave the Antarctic was loaded aboard. Doctor Thomas C. Poulter, designer of the snow cruiser, and Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd returned to the States, leaving Dr. Paul Siple, veteran of two previous expeditions, in command.

Petras flew as far and as often as he could on various surveys, with photographers and scientists as passengers; but the days of clear flying weather

became rarer and shorter as the winter nights lengthened. The temperature, meanwhile, dropped from a "warm" 15 or 20 degrees below zero to 40 and 50 degrees below. Howling blizzards — some lasting as long as three weeks — piled the snow over equipment and quarters until only the ventilators were visible. Hangars had to be built for the aircraft out of ice blocks. They were stored away for the winter.

One of the most interesting experiences the men had was a trip to the original Little America camp, which took about two hours by dog sled and ski. There they found some of the buildings caved in by the weight of the snow, and it was necessary to tunnel inside to find the equipment that had been left behind.

The days had been getting shorter and shorter. Then, on April 21, the sun disappeared for the winter night. With proper ceremonies the men hauled down the flag for a night that was to be five months long.

For the five months there was little to do but repair equipment, make their quarters more comfortable, and carry on laboratory research.

Petras lived aboard the snow cruiser, which had been moved to the main camp for quarters, after it failed as a vehicle. An amateur photographer, Petras helped pass the time by assisting the photog in developing, printing and enlarging all pictures taken before the night set in.

On one occasion he lost his way while going from the cruiser to the main base during a blizzard. The beating snow cut off all vision and even the powerful lamp he carried did no good. "I was never

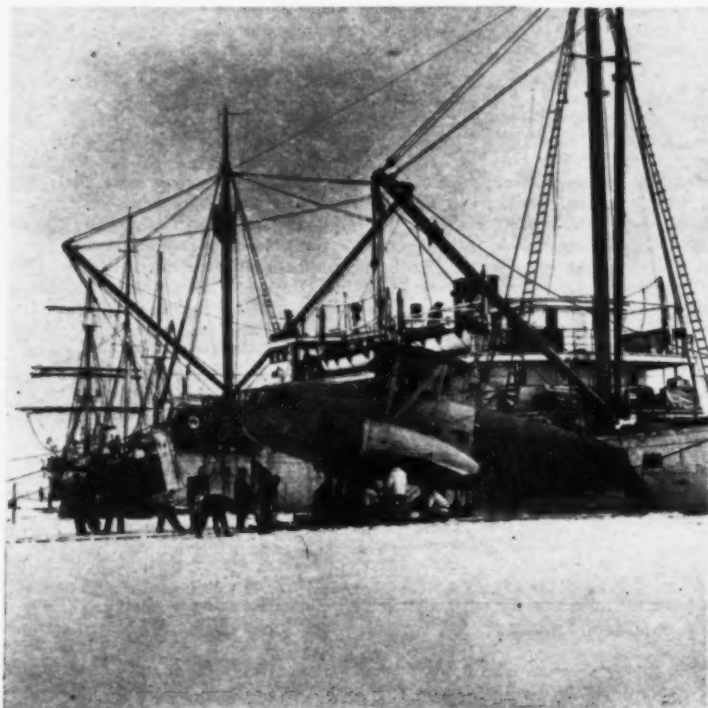
more scared in my life," he admitted in his diary, and it was only by accidentally running into one of the radio antenna wires that he was able to find his way back to safety.

The brightest spot in the enforced hibernation was the weekly broadcast from the States called "The Mail Bag." Weather permitting, mail from home was read to the men on this program, and their families talked to them. To supplement this broadcast, the men contacted "ham" radio stations around their home towns and were able to arrange communication in that way.

The winter night was not without beauty. When the weather was clear and calm, the aurora australis put on a breath-taking display of celestial light that bathed the far-off mountain ranges in a ghostly glow. The moonlight, too, made it seem like a far stranger world than they had ever known, which in truth it was.

Only one of the men ever broke under the strain of long and close confinement. This was soon after the celebration of June 21, a traditional Antarctic holiday when the peak of the long five-month night has been passed. The man had been moody and had talked of suicide, but wasn't taken seriously until he disappeared.

Although his anxious buddies searched as far and as long as they could, it was almost impossible to find anyone in that snowy darkness. After three days he was given up for lost. Then in he walked, unharmed except for frostbite. He had meant to let himself freeze to death, but after lying in a hole in the snow for a day he had gotten "cold feet" and returned.



The USS North Star being unloaded at Little America. The USS Bear, seen in the background, was used to establish the East Base 1800 miles away



Petras poses in front of the big snow cruiser that had been designed for exploration. The craft was unsuccessful and he converted it into a home

As winter approached the men built hangars from ice blocks to shelter the expedition's three planes from storm damage



The original camp at the main base in Little America. This photo was taken during mild weather before the winter began



The camp at the main base during the winter, after drifts of snow from howling blizzards had completely covered it



Chief Pilot McCoy and Petras dig out drums of gasoline for their planes on a warm day. The temperature was 14 above

The long-awaited winter "morning" came on August 22, 1940. Petras described it thus in his diary: "We have been waiting for this day for a long time. Finally it has come; the sun has returned. Everyone turned out and at four minutes of eleven the American flag was again raised over Little America."

The return of daylight, unfortunately, did not also mean the return of warm weather. Quite the contrary. Blizzards increased, and the mercury continued to drop to a new all-time low. On September 1, the thermometer read 76.2 degrees below zero.

On that day Petras wrote in his log: "I was up at ten this morning and it was really cold, 20 below inside the cruiser. The oil in the heater had frozen and the fire gone out. I relit the fire, and we tried all day to get warm. When I took readings again inside the cruiser it was 30 above at the ceiling and 20 below at the floor."

After the months of delay in flying, Petras was again able to take to the air, despite the terrible cold. The long-planned explorations were once more put into operation. The plane was dug out of its ice hangar and given a complete overhaul. Pete froze his hands many times while working, but after using a heater to thaw out the engine, he was ready to go.

By November the hours of daylight had lengthened until the sun never set, and it became one

long day. Exploration parties were sent out by dog sled and tractor train. Petras made flights out over their trails to drop supplies and maintain contact. The longest flights into the unknown territory were in December. The details are best told in Petras' own words:

"December 14: I was awakened at midnight by Paul Siple who told me that the weather had cleared enough to make our major flight. We gassed up the ship and got set, taking off about 3:00 A.M., going directly to Mt. McKinley to refuel. Here the surface was very rough. We were 2500 feet above sea level in very rare atmosphere and no wind.

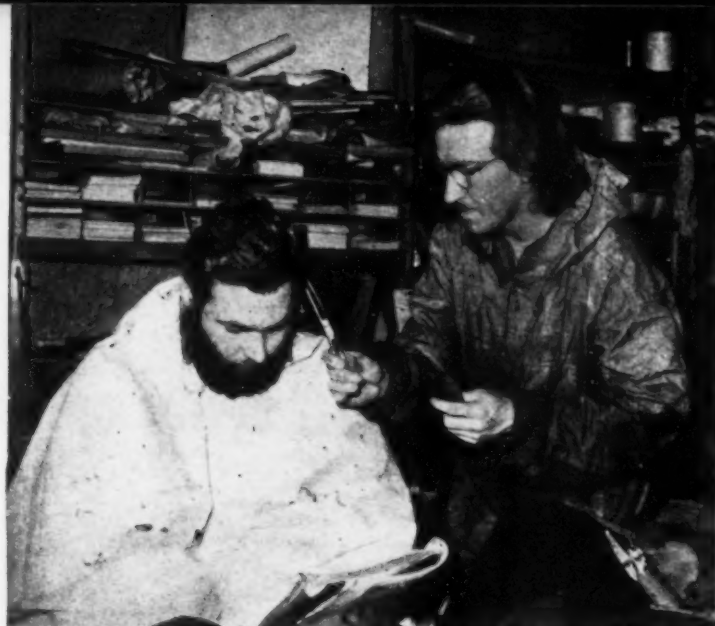
"When I took off from the gas cache I was on a long slope headed directly for a glacier. After taxiing for about two miles I began to get worried. I couldn't get off the ice. It was rough going, but finally we made it. Circling back over the trail camp, we headed for Mt. Rae, our second refueling stop. When we landed there, I discovered that we had broken the tail ski on the rough take-off. Repairing it as well as we could, I high-tailed it back to the main base. Just as we got over the camp the fog closed, but I managed to find a hole and slipped through just in time.

"December 15: I woke at 5 o'clock, but had no idea whether it was A.M. or P.M. After repairing the damages of the day before, I checked the weather reports from the trail parties and made ready to leave, this time with Doc Siple along. We

took off from Little America at 9:50 P.M. and headed east beyond the area I had covered the day before. It was thrilling to see the magnificent peaks towering fifteen to sixteen thousand feet above sea level. We landed again at Mt. McKinley to refuel and left some batteries for the tractor party.

"This time when we reached Mt. Rae it was covered with a blanket of fog. I had to refuel, and by luck the fog opened long enough for me to set the ship down. Then it closed again. I was able to find the ski tracks I'd left the day before and followed them to the gas cache. By the time we had refueled, the fog had cleared and we had no trouble in the take off. After two hours of flying over a broad plateau between high peaks, we sighted Mt. Michele Sibley. This was the first time anyone had been closer than 90 miles to it. From here on the ranges were as numerous as flies on icing. One high mountain caught my attention because of the small one near it. I asked Siple to name them Josephine and Betty Jean Petras, because they reminded me of my wife and daughter; the big one for Phine and the little one for Betty.

"We kept flying until I reached the limits of my gas supply. At this point we were flying at an altitude of 10,000 feet with Siple taking aerial photos of the entire area. I was keeping busy too, flying with one hand, taking pictures with my Leica in the other hand, and maintaining radio communication with the base at the same time.



Dr. Wade gets a trim. Hair grows to shoulder length "overnight" in the Antarctic. Of course, polar nights are five months long



Commander Ike Schlossback, veteran of two trips to the South Pole and two to the North Pole, trying his hand at baking pies

When we at last returned to Little America we had been in the air for 36 hours, with the temperature averaging 40 degrees below zero. That was plenty cold for an uninsulated cabin."

When this flight was finished Petras turned in for some much-needed rest. But he never got it. The Curtis Condor had gone down about 80 miles from the base camp, and Petras was abruptly awakened from a deep sleep and told that he had an emergency flight to make. He contacted the Condor crew by radio and learned that one of the master rods had broken and torn off a cylinder. This was bad enough. But when he located the wrecked plane, he found that the spare parts he had brought along were of no use. The engine was wrecked beyond repair and the ship had to be abandoned. It required five round-trip flights for Petras to get all the passengers and equipment back to the camp.

The loss of the Condor meant that Petras had to fly further and oftener throughout the last days of the expedition. There were many surveys still incomplete, and time was short. The *North Star* and *Bear* were soon to return and take them out.

One of his last projects was to search for a trail party that was long overdue. Petras flew for three days over the area where they had operated. But he could find nothing. At last, one of the dogs from this group crawled back to camp. It was the only survivor. The fate of the other dogs and men is still a mystery.

When the *USS Bear* finally arrived in the Bay of Whales, it was a joyous occasion for all hands. The feeling of isolation was ended with mail from home. But Petras' joy turned to sorrow the next day, when he was advised by radio that his mother had died that morning.

All of the equipment was now being packed to load aboard ship, and the Little America base dismantled. Radio communication with the outside world was now taken over by the *Bear*. In the

midst of all this activity came the report from the East Base that the Condor assigned there had struck a crevasse and crashed during take-off. Now Petras had the last plane, and that was showing signs of wear.

Two weeks after the *Bear* arrived, the *North Star* tied up alongside her. The loading really became a 24-hour operation, and by February 1, the ships weighed anchor and headed for Marguerite Bay to take on the rest of the expedition. Upon reaching this base, it was discovered that the bay ice had not yet broken up, and for nearly a month the two ships were forced to cruise offshore while fog, rain, and heavy storms kept them out of the bay.

The situation seemed hopeless. There was no way to get in and pick up the men and equipment. Worse yet, the ice was too broken for tractors or dog sleds, and the weather was too bad for flying. It looked as though the group at Marguerite Bay would have to be left behind and food flown in to them later.

Just as this decision had almost been reluctantly reached, the weather cleared enough for Petras to fly through with supplies. His plane was hastily unloaded at Michelson Island, the wings were uncrated, and he took off. In the meantime, the stranded personnel had been instructed by radio to pack only their personal gear. Thus Petras was able to fly them out in two trips. With only eight hours of flying weather in which to rescue the entire detail at East Base, it was impossible to save the dogs, too. Instead of being left to starve, they were mercifully killed. All equipment was left at East Base for future recovery, and Petras' faithful Beechcraft was grounded near the ships.

With all hands safely on board, the long, cold job was completed. Excitedly, the men packed the bows as both ships swung slowly northward and set their course for home. Ahead, warm weather and eager wives were waiting.

END



Anthony Columbo, general duty man and dog driver, displays his frosty beard



**After a marooned crew
was rescued by Petras, the
ships headed homeward**

m



SURE an' the Good Saint's Angels were workin' overtime on Okinawa. Shells were plummeting to earth, clipping off stands of palm trees and making a hell of a din. But Big Mike Mulligan had other things on his mind . . . and on his chest.

He was sprawled out, flat on his back, a dizzy, stupid look on his face and the assorted pieces of a mouldy skeleton draped across his torso. His mouth was open but he wasn't saying anything — just lying there with popping eyes and a greenish complexion. Slowly the blood came back to his cheeks and his eyes went back into their sockets.

"Faith an' bejabbers," he groaned, "I been courtin' death these two years past, but it ain't in me mind to be goin' to bed with the likes o' you."

He scrambled to his feet, scattering the bones around the foxhole and, as if he'd just finished a garbage detail, he wiped his hands on his dungarees.

"Now, where in hell . . ." He was looking for the entrenching tool that had caused all of the trouble in the first place.

When several 75's had fallen too close, Big Mike had figured that maybe he was too big for his foxhole. That was when he had started digging and his pick had caught in something solid and wouldn't give way to his tugging. In a fit of rage he'd used all of his strength in one mighty pull. And it had landed him on his back in the company of some body's framework.

Just then a shell burst nearby and in its light he saw his pick, bent and locked around the jawbone of the skull. But that wasn't all he saw. There as if clutched in the palsied grasp of the skeleton's bony fingers, was a little chamois bag.

"Now, what in the name o' Saint Patrick are ye bringin' with ye to the grave?" he said to the broken-up remnants.

The skull was in no way to be answering, what

with the pick in its mouth, but Big Mike was not one to be waiting for answers. He stooped down and, handling the bag with the greatest of care, he dumped out, into his left hand, 13 diamonds the likes of marbles.

"May the Saints preserve me. 'Tis the devil's own treasure I'm findin'."

"An' tis the devil's own time ye'll be havin' with 'em if ye take 'em." It was a wheezy voice and Big Mike knew that it wasn't to himself that it belonged.

"Kin it be that I'm hearin' what I'm hearin'?" Big Mike spoke almost to himself.

"If ye'll be movin' of this rock off o' me stommik, I'll be tellin' ye the whole of it."

Big Mike was groping around the hole trying to find the rock when the squeaky voice complained:

"Do be rustlin' yer britches er ye'll be regrettin' that ye didn't move faster."

"Faith an' I'll be a beggin' Orangeman . . ."

Big Mike could hardly believe his eyes. There, sticking out from under a four-inch rock was an ugly looking face about as big as a plum and on its head was a battered old campaign hat with a coppery green, corroded world and anchor. Big Mike kicked the rock off of the pudgy little body with a beaten boondocker.

"Who are ye an' where'd ye come from?" he asked in disgust.

"'Tis a reverent tone ye'd best be usin', Michael Mulligan," said the elf. "'Tis yer great granther's noble bones ye've been throwin' around, an' it ain't the likes o' me that's to be puttin' up with it."

"Sure, an' 'tis a lot o' damage ye'll be doin' me, ye little spawn o' a guttersnipe," Big Mike roared with laughter. Then with a vicious breath he blew the little fellow's hat off.

"'Tis a care ye'd better be havin', Mike Mulligan,"

he screamed in a fury as he ran across the foxhole to recapture his hat. "'Twas meself that was yer great granther's leprechaun," the elf adjusted his hat, drawing the string under his chin. "An' now 'tis meself that's stuck with the likes o' an oaf such as ye. Yer a disgrace t' yer granther."

"Faith, 'tis a quiet an' sensible man that I am, an' 'tis no desire I have to be consortin' with the likes o' ye."

"'Tis a bit o' a talk I'd like to be havin' with ye, Michael. D'ye be listenin' quiet like whilst I tell ye the tale, or do I be puttin' the spell on ye?"

Big Mike roared again and the leprechaun's hat wavered on his head.

"Ye've been a disgrace t' the Corps since yer Parris Island days an' 'twas yer granther's last wish fer me t' be straightenin' ye out."

"Answer me whilst I be puttin' some questions to ye," said Big Mike. "How is't that me granther was to be buried here in the midst o' this far off island?"

"That's an easy un," chuckled the elf. "'Twas whilst we were sailin' with Perry that yer old granther, him as has his bones strewn hereabouts, took the pox an' died at sea. The skipper set in here an' give yer granther an honorable burial."

"An' yerself has been here ever since?" asked the dumbfounded Mike.

"Sure, an' I been marooned here, jest settin' meself aside 'til some kinfolk should be arrivin'," the leprechaun pointed an accusing finger at the Marine. "An' now it's yerself that'll be takin' me along with ye."

"Faith an' 'tis a sense o' humor ye've got. What would the likes o' me be doin' cavortin' 'round with the likes o' ye?" Big Mike was beginning to enjoy the whole affair, while the battle progressed without his assistance. In fact, he had been left behind

Mulligan's Stew



"I've a mind t' make ye a proposition," wheezed the elf

and the noise and bullets had moved far ahead. "Do be gettin' a civil tongue in yer head or ye'll be cavortin' with the saints afore ye are aware o' it," threatened the little leprechaun.

"Begone with ye afore I bash in yer head with the butt o' me rifle."

"I'll make ye a deal," squeaked the elf. "If ye'll be givin' me the sparklers I'll be leavin' ye t' yerself."

Big Mike spat vehemently against the side of the foxhole. "Sure, an' ye'd be takin' me for a fool's fool. Away wi' ye an' niver darken me foxhole agin'."

"What's that ye be darin' t' say?" said the diminutive one. "Ye'll be soreeee. . ."

"Away wi' ye," repeated Mulligan.

"An' do ye be speakin' final words?" fumed the leprechaun.

"I do," stated the Irishman.

"Then, a plague to ye, an' may the saints play truant at yer court-martial." The little sprite climbed nimbly up the side of the hole, pausing at the top to spout out a final warning, "Tis an accursed lot o' stones yer fondlin', they'll bring ye nothin' but a run o' bad luck." He swung his tiny leg and kicked a spray of sand directly into Big Mike's eyes.

By the time Mike was able to see again the leprechaun was gone. The Irishman picked up his rifle and gear and started over the top of his hole to catch up with his outfit. Except for the bag of diamonds, secured safely to his cartridge belt, Mike wouldn't have believed what he had seen and heard. But after trudging about 50 yards he fell over a rock that wasn't there. In the next 20 minutes he had fallen over the same rock a dozen times. It was his first taste of the leprechaun's vengeance.

"Sure, an' if I ever set me eyes on the little scallywag agin', 'tis his neck I'll be twistin' 'till his nasty little tongue hangs out." This and other oaths

escaped the lips of the Marine as he plodded on toward his camp.

Up ahead everything was quiet and Mulligan approached warily, but he found there was nothing to fear. His company had dug in for the night. Before a sentry could challenge him, he was met by his platoon sergeant.

"An' where've you been, me fine lad?" There was plenty of sarcasm in the questioning voice.

Big Mike had figured out a wonderful story on his way back to his buddies. He opened his mouth.

"Shut up," said the sergeant. "Throwin' grenades at yer own men. . . . What in the hell's the matter with ya? Ya psycho, or somethin'?"

"What are ye talkin' about?" asked Mulligan. "Sure, an' it wasn't meself that was throwin' any grenades."

"Yeah? Well, what'd ya do with 'em if ya didn't throw 'em?"

Suddenly Mike knew. Without feeling his trouser pockets he knew that the grenades weren't there and he knew who had thrown them. There was no use in trying to explain. Big Mike uttered another oath.

From that day on Big Mike led a rugged life. His leprechaun was gone, but by no means forgotten. For reasons which Mulligan could have explained, had he dared, his canteen was always empty. Every time he filled it the water leaked out somehow between the first and second drinks. Every time he left his foxhole to go down the line he returned to find that it had been filled in and heaped over with stones.

One day his sergeant major stood watching him while he worked on a new hole.

"What is this, Mulligan, a game? Every time I look at you you're diggin' a foxhole. Are ya livin' underground these days?"

Big Mike Mulligan's

foxhole was no

longer a lonely place,

but he had a hard time

losing the company

he had dug up



by Karl A. Schuon

MULLIGANS STEW (cont.)

Big Mike was exasperated. "Somebody fills em up when I'm not around," he screamed in anguish. "Hm-mm-mm," said the sergeant. He waved a come hither gesture to the platoon NCO. "Sergeant," he said in a sweet voice, "Mulligan, here, likes to dig. Find a job for him." And he walked away.

Big Mike dug 13 deep emplacements for .50-cal. machine guns before he got back to his own outfit. He was considered cured and for a while things went along on an even keel. But came the day. . . .

The Irishman was on patrol when his compass needle reversed itself and pointed dead south. He followed the erring needle right into the enemy lines, finally made a narrow escape and reported back to his company commander three days later than the rest of the patrol. His compass was checked and registered perfectly with those of his buddies.

"Mulligan's cracking again," he heard the sergeant say to the sergeant major. "Better get the guy out of here before he shoots somebody."

He fished in his seabag and brought out a clean set of dungarees, changed into them, brushed his boondockers and drew a shamrock from his pocket-book. He pinned it on his jacket for good luck.

The ship sank at 1900.

A Jap sub that had been lying on the bottom of the ocean and hadn't got the word had decided to become active. It blew the transport to bits and Mulligan found himself floating among the debris. The Irishman reached down and felt his trouser pocket. The diamonds were still there.

"Would ye be lookin' at the fine kittle o' stew me proud laddie has got himself into? Ye'd better be sayin' yer litanies t' Saint Francis."

Big Mike looked around. He knew that voice and he knew the little sprite to whom it belonged.

"What, have ye come to taunt me in me last hour?" he asked. "Where are ye, ye little devil?"

"Aye, an' if ye was t' be dryin' the salt water out o' yer eyes ye'd be seein' me." The voice was coming from nearby and a long squeaky laugh followed the words.

"I got pockets, ain't I?" screamed the squeaky voice. "G' me 'em one at a time."

Big Mike fished the chamois bag out of his trousers and paddled himself closer to the elf. He handed over the gems, one at a time, to the leprechaun. The elf stuffed two into each of his pockets. When the bag was empty he said:

"Now do ye be blowin' up the bag with all yer strenth."

"What sort o' tomfoolery is this that yer mutterin'? A heap o' good 'twill do me to be blowin' me lungs out on a wee bag the likes o' this'n."

"Do ye be doin' as I tell ye, or yer lost."

Big Mike blew a hefty blast into the little bag with misgivings. But to his amazement it began to get bigger. With each breath the bag grew, as if it had been made of rubber. Mulligan was afraid it would burst, but the leprechaun assured him that it wouldn't.

"Ye kin be blowin' it 'til it gits as big as a life raft, then ye'd better be tyin' it up tight."

Big Mike went on blowing. When the bag was

Mike fought two wars, one with his old leprechaun

But before anything could be done about the harassed Irishman the Jap surrender had taken place and rumor had it that his outfit was shipping Stateside. Mike wrote a last letter to his girl friend, Sadie O'Malley, telling her how anxious he was to see her again and asking her to marry him.

With the diamonds tucked safely away in his pocket he planned to buy a shamrock farm and settle down to an easy life with Sadie and some Irish stew, and a few kids, maybe. Only one thing worried him—he had to get off of the island alone. He and Sadie would have a difficult time of it with that blasted little leprechaun between them.

There was the usual delay, and weeks passed before they had orders to ship out. There had been time enough for Sadie to answer his letter. And she did. Her letter was a scorching refusal to his proposal. Ten paragraphs were devoted to something about Mike's bringing a giesha girl along to live with them. Sadie stated flatly that if Big Mike had a giesha girl he certainly didn't need Sadie. The Irishman was beginning to get it. He swore more oaths, screamed vile threats, tore his hair, and wound up in the brig.

He cooled off in a few days and the shipping orders came through. Mike was released, but two men were detailed to watch him. He flew into a seething rage because, with these two Joes trailing him, his plans for a sneak boarding of the ship became impractical. He had to behave, but his blood was boiling within him.

The ship was out two days when Mulligan realized that the second day was March the 17th.

"Sure, an' if it ain't Saint Patrick's Day," said Mike to a shipmate.

Mulligan's Irish wrath hit a new high. "I'll be whalin' the impudence out o' ye if ever I lay me hands on ye', ye little louse."

Then he saw him. The leprechaun was only five feet away, perched comfortably on the top of a floating canteen. Mulligan's canteen.

"'Twas might considerate o' ye to be leavin' a few drinks o' water in the thing to be givin' it balast," shouted the squeaky voice.

Mulligan was breathing heavily and his legs were tiring from their efforts on behalf of keeping his two hundred pounds afloat. He could see the pesky elf, floating and gloating, as he rode leisurely on the canteen.

"I've a bit o' a mind t' make ye a proposition," wheezed the voice from the top of the canteen.

"Kape yer propositions to yerself. Do be savin' yer gibberish an' yer jabberin', sure, an' I'll droon first."

"Ye won't be one to be seein' Sadie O'Malley agin' lest ye be givin' me the sparklin' gems. . . ."

"Niver," shouted Big Mike.

His mind was going around in circles. He was wearing out and the three gulps of salt water he'd swallowed had convinced him that he didn't like the taste of the stuff.

"'Tis thinkin' on 't ye better be, or 'tis yer own watery grave ye'll be goin' to."

"What kind o' foolishness is this that ye be talkin'? What could a little pigstealin' scoundrel like the likes o' you do to be savin' me?"

"Be handin' over the diamonds an' I'll be tellin' ye."

"Where'll ye be puttin' 'em?" asked Mulligan.

big enough to sit on he tied the strings and climbed on top of it. The elf was still there, bobbing up and down about six feet away.

"Ye should be gittin' picked up tomorrow," said the leprechaun. "Meself, I'll be gittin' on. I'm off to the Emerald Isles to buy me a shamrock farm." A big wave came up and the canteen slid down the other side. Big Mike's leprechaun was gone.

Michael Mulligan spent an uneasy night. He was cold and wet, and the thought of the pesky little goblin with his gems, heading for Ireland and Mike's coveted shamrock farm, tormented him. Big Mike Mulligan hated his great great granthy's tiny pal with all of the hatred he could muster.

The next day he was picked up by a ship and he had an uneventful trip back to the States. He was discharged without his papers getting fouled up. In Frisco, he had written to Sadie again, telling her that he had never been to Japan, that he didn't even know what a giesha girl was, and that he certainly was not bringing one home with him. Her return letter was reassuring. She promised to marry him.

Mike's heart was light when he reached the village where he lived. There was the old church. The firehouse was unchanged and the little village school looked tinier than ever. The sight of Tim O'Toole's tavern gave him a brainstorm.

He hurried toward the swinging doors, for, inside, behind the bar, stood Ireland's outstanding authority on Irish folklore. Tim O'Toole knew all about leprechauns. He could advise Mike, if anyone could.

"An' will ye be lookin' at who's home from the wars with ribbons on his chest?" cried Tim from behind the mahogany bar, as Mike pushed his way through the doors.



Over half of the Bricklayers' Union was at the weddin' shindig

MULLIGANS STEW (cont.)

They had a few short ones, but Big Mike was impatient. He beckoned Tim into the familiar back room. It was empty and the two Irishmen sat down at a poker table. Mike related the whole story.

"What I'm wantin' to know is this," said Mike, "How am I to be gittin' me diamonds back from the wee blackguard?"

"Sure, an' there's nothin' t' be worryin' about," Tim assured him. "All ye'll be havin' t' do is t' be gittin' a scrap o' peat, soak the same in Irish whiskey, wrap it up in a piece o' green paper, tie the whole o' it up with a whisker from a black cat an' burn it. Then, as soon as yer t' be buryin' the ashes, yer leprechaun 'll be turnin' into a twist o' mist an' disappearin'."

"Faith, an' where 'm I t' be gittin' a scrap o' peat?" asked the worried Mike.

"I'm lucky t' be havin' a piece in me safe fer just such an emergency. I'll be gittin' it fer ye."

"Hey, hold on." Mulligan was perplexed. "But what about me joowels, ain't I niver t' be seein' 'em agin'?"

"Oh, sure, an' I was forgettin' t' tell ye. 'Tis writ in the old book that when yer leprechaun turns into a twist o' mist the sufferin' Irishman h's been attendin' is t' inherit all o' his earthly goods."

"Ah, faith an' that's better. Another question, afore we are t' be performin' the sacred rite." Big Mike leaned across the table and whispered, "Does he stay put — as t' bein' a twist o' mist, I mean?"

"As I was puttin' it to ye, yer to bury the ashes. But, if one o' yer kinfolk was to be diggin' 'em up, yer leprechaun 'll be materializin' agin'. An' if that was to be happenin' ye kin rest assured that he'll be with ye t' the end o' yer days. He kin o'ny be a twist o' mist onct."

"Well, there ain't too much fear o' that happenin'. I'll bury 'em an' I won't tell none o' me kinfolk where I done it."

"That's the spirit," said Tim. "An' shall we be havin' a snort afore we git the peat and catch us a black cat?"

"Sure, an' we shall," agreed Big Mike, and they went into the bar to drink solemnly before attending to the ritual.

When they had made the little bundle and tied it up with one of the feelers of a stray cat, they burned the tiny green packet on the bar. Mike put the ashes into a match box and left the tavern.

On his way to Sadie's house he sneaked around the old schoolhouse and into the schoolyard where he dug a little hole and buried the ashes. He filled up the hole with dirt and stamped on it.

"A plague on ye when yer a twist o' mist. It's hopin' I am that ye git caught in one o' them there typhoons an' git yerself blown t' kingdom come." With this malediction he left the schoolyard and trudged on to Sadie's house.

Two weeks later Big Mike Mulligan became a happy groom and Sadie O'Malley quit her factory job to become Mrs. Mulligan. Patrick Mulligan, Mike's father, threw a fine shindig for the couple and it was attended by over half of the Bricklayer's Union, of which Pat was the president. In the midst of the festivities there was a knock on the door. It was a boy bearing a cablegram for Big Mike, telling him that he had fallen heir to a vast farm of shamrocks in Ireland and that he was to leave America immediately and take possession of his lands.

Big Mike was overjoyed and a week later he shoved off with his bride for the land of his birth.

After the excitement of the couple's departure, life in the little village settled down to a slow pace. One day Patrick Mulligan entered the barroom of Tim O'Toole's tavern and wandered over to the aggregation of drinkers at the bar.

"Have ye heard the blessed news?" he asked. "The grant from the township has come through an' they're after breakin' the ground in the back yard o' the school fer the noo school buildin' an' me boy Danny, him as is younger than Big Mike is after runnin' the steam shovel."

Across the sea in Old Ireland Sadie Mulligan bustled happily about in her provincial kitchen, cooking a sweet smelling breakfast. Big Mike stepped lightly out of the door of his farmhouse, squinted across the green acres of shamrocks and took a deep breath of the fragrant Irish air. He called to Sadie in the kitchen:

"Sure an' it's heaven, just bein' here."

"Sure an' it is," squeaked a voice. "'Tis meself that's come back to me rightful place. Do ye be settin' another plate fer breakfast. At the head o' the table."

END

Subway Coxswain

A former Marine
conveys senators
to and from the
national Capitol



Senator Arthur Capper is Albright's only passenger on this run from the office building to the Capitol

YOU might say that Jerry Albright has either a lot of gall or is really a big success. For Jerry, who until a year ago wore the single ribbed chevron of a Marine PFC, tells United States senators where to get off.

But Jerry's telling isn't of the "read-off" variety. He's engineer, conductor or whatever you on the block long underground railway that makes the "run" between the Senate Office Building and the Capitol building in Washington, D. C.

Generally, the statesmen are in a hurry when they descend to the office building basement and clamber aboard the train. Often they are tipped off that a certain measure will come up for vote in a short time and they must rush to be present in person to cast their votes.

But, despite the urgency of such duties, the legislators seldom lose their aplomb when delayed. One day, Senator Robert Wagner of New York, had to clang the bell at the Capitol end of the line several times before the train returned and picked him up.

"It's about time, driver," the senator remarked. "What's the trouble? Oh, I know, it's a girl. You've a girl hidden on the train. Tell me, is she a blonde or a brunette?"

Although Jerry explained he had had an extra large number of passengers on the previous trip, the senator kiddingly said he didn't believe it. Since that time scarcely a day passes that the joshing about the hidden girl doesn't come up.

Sometimes the shoe is on the other foot. Once a senator strode onto the open-topped subway and received a gust of wind from the tunnel. It lifted off his toupee, wafting it out on to the roadbed. With not so much as a smile Jerry jumped down to the tracks and retrieved the errant wig, returning it to its owner. After he delivered his passenger, though, he had to take time out to ease his aching sides in laughter.

Usually the trips to and from the Capitol — a distance of 720 feet — are without incident. Whenever a couple of senators get together on the train the discussion usually turns to a pending bill. On one such occasion, however, Albright found the subject matter actually interesting. His

passengers were discussing the terminal leave pay bill. He pricked up his ears at this for he had taken little furlough time during his four years in the Corps.

Occasionally, Albright's passengers let their hair down and talk about a subject that probably is closest to their hearts: elections and their home states. The senators like to tell jokes. Here Albright draws the line on repeating the stories, acting for all the world like a lawyer concealing his client's murder confession. He contends he has really never heard one of these jokes from beginning to end. Which could be.

Sometimes the usually reserved statesmen will shove and jostle each other in trying to make "the first train." When this happens Jerry must check all his cars before he takes off. On several occasions he has had, for their own good, to order over-eager senators to get off and wait for the next trip.

As a general rule Jerry minds his own business and his passengers do the same. One bit of information he does manage to wangle each day, though, is the approximate time the session will end. He really is interested in this since he can get through only after he has returned the last senator to the Senate office building.

Jerry was injured while serving with the First Division on Peleliu. During the attack on Bloody Nose Ridge, a Jap 47-mm. got the range of his BAR and started shooting up the area. Before our weapons were able to silence the gun seven of Jerry's squad had been killed and the others knocked out. When Jerry recovered consciousness in a Pavuvu hospital, he learned that his right eardrum had been shattered. He was sent home and later discharged.

When a buddy told him about the abbreviated railway, Albright was incredulous and decided to see for himself. He found the story was true and before he was able to get away he had been hired as motorman.

The only drawback is that the short haul reminds him too much of walking post while on guard. He says it gets mighty boring looking at the walls and roof over the same 720-foot route, trip-in, trip-out. But the merits of his job far outweigh the bad features. He'll stick it out as long as they want him.

JAMES S. PERRY

CHINA

THE NEW
MILITARY
POWER



In the early dawn, a big R5D-3 is loaded by a finger lift before the take off

P
ri
fr
w
fl
fr
of
q
ca
of
gr

le
si
he
th
th

ha
br
nu
re
15
fl
in

pl
be
re
fl
an
pa
re
ha
th

in
mi
son
me
dif
on
has
abi

it
ser
vid
bal
the
did
one
res
men

L
nes
sho
aga
was
was
affe
play
it w
St

by Sgt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

—TSINGTAO

THE mid-day quiet that hovered over the Ewa Air Station on Oahu, Hawaii, was shattered by the hesitant coughing of a powerful Pratt-Whitney engine. On the apron, opposite Marine Air Group 15's Operations Office, a ground crew from VMR 953 — A Marine transport squadron — worked to get a large four-motor plane ready for flight. This was the only sign of activity on the whole field. The lunch hour was not yet over. The stream of smoke from the exhaust of Number One motor quickly changed to a tail of flame and the engine came alive with steady, ground-shaking roar. The other motors followed and the quartet was soon growling with a deep-throated harmony.

The pilot, Marine Captain Thomas R. O'Dell, leaned from the cockpit window and got the all clear sign from the ground crew. With a wave of his hand he ducked back and the gleaming transport rolled to the take off strip, waiting for the take off signal from the control tower.

Thirty-two hours later the big R5D-3 came to a halt on the airfield at Tsingtao, China. It had brought 34 officers and enlisted men, mail and a number of boxes containing parts that had been requested for immediate delivery. Marine Air Group 15 had completed another of their many important flights in support of the mission Marines are fulfilling in China.

There is nothing new or startling about the use of planes to supply ground troops. Marine pilots have been experimenting with air supply since the banana revolutions in the 20's and 30's. Then, only short flights were entailed and the small packages of food and ammunition dropped to isolated mountain patrols now seem insignificant compared to modern requirements. Since that time the problems of supply have increased a thousand times. But aviation within the military services has kept pace.

Now it is a common practice to span the Pacific in one of MAG 15's Skytrains, a distance of 6000 miles, and find them carrying everything from personnel to a lion cub (the mascot of a Marine regiment), from cotter keys to complete motors. It is difficult to keep everything needed in China stocked on the shelves of the quartermaster, so that worthy has come to depend more and more on MAG 15's ability to quickly bring what is needed.

MAG 15 is not a colorful outfit. During the war it didn't win any Presidential Unit Citations for its services. Few transport groups ever do, but it provided the support for outfits that were carrying the ball. As a result the transport people did not make the news stories that the flashier fighter squadrons did. Their work went practically unnoticed by everyone, excepting those military commanders who were responsible for the welfare of the great number of men under their command.

Last summer, when an epidemic of sleeping sickness threatened North China, there was an acute shortage of serum with which to immunize Marines against the disease. Three days later enough serum was on hand to protect every man in China. MAG 15 was running interference. The majority of the men affected were unaware of the part air transport played. They only knew the serum was there when it was needed.

Such incidents are numerous in the annals of

MAG 15's service. It is a standard order of procedure that each plane arriving in China have several boxes of airplane parts aboard. It is entirely possible that the entire air force in China would be seriously hampered, if not grounded, but for the constant stream of airborne supply.

The big R5D-3 planes are the same as those used by the Navy for its Air Transport Service. In fact the ships now in use by MAG 15 saw hundreds of hours service with NATS. The Army uses this plane too, but refers to it as a C-54. It is also known as the Skymaster.

Unlike the Navy, the Marines do not operate a regularly scheduled airline service. Their duty is primarily one of supplying the immediate needs of troops in China. MAG 15 planes do not fly unless there is something to be carried. This system is more economical for the Marine Corps and prevents any

Marines on guard duty throughout the Corps. In the air each man is a specialist at his own job. On the ground, during refueling or the repairing of a motor, everyone becomes the mechanic's helper.

On one trip to China, a plane commanded by Major Grant W. McCombs, who is also Operations Officer for VMR-352, developed engine trouble and had to remain at Guam overnight while the faulty motor was repaired. While Major McCombs and Staff Sergeant Harvey Homesley, the crew chief, went to requisition the needed parts, Corporal Buford Wright, radio operator, and Technical Sergeant R. O. Carson, navigator, began removing the cowl from the motor. Later they helped with the actual repairing of the motor while the rest of the crew refueled the plane and did any other job required to help the men working on the motor.

It was practically a full night's job — a job that



A row of MAG 15's four-motored ships on the flight line undergoing service and repair by swarms of Marine mechanics. The plane in the foreground is about to have a motor pulled

overlapping of the jobs done by the two services.

Two crews are required to efficiently operate a plane traversing the entire route to China. Besides a plane commander, each crew consists of a pilot, radio operator, navigator and mechanic. The mechanics are needed to service planes at intermediate stops on Johnston, Kwajalein, Guam, and sometimes Okinawa. The navigators on all MAG 15's planes are now enlisted men. The Marine Corps made no provision for officer-navigators in its post-war organization.

Duty during these long flights is divided into watches, not unlike the "four on and eight off" of

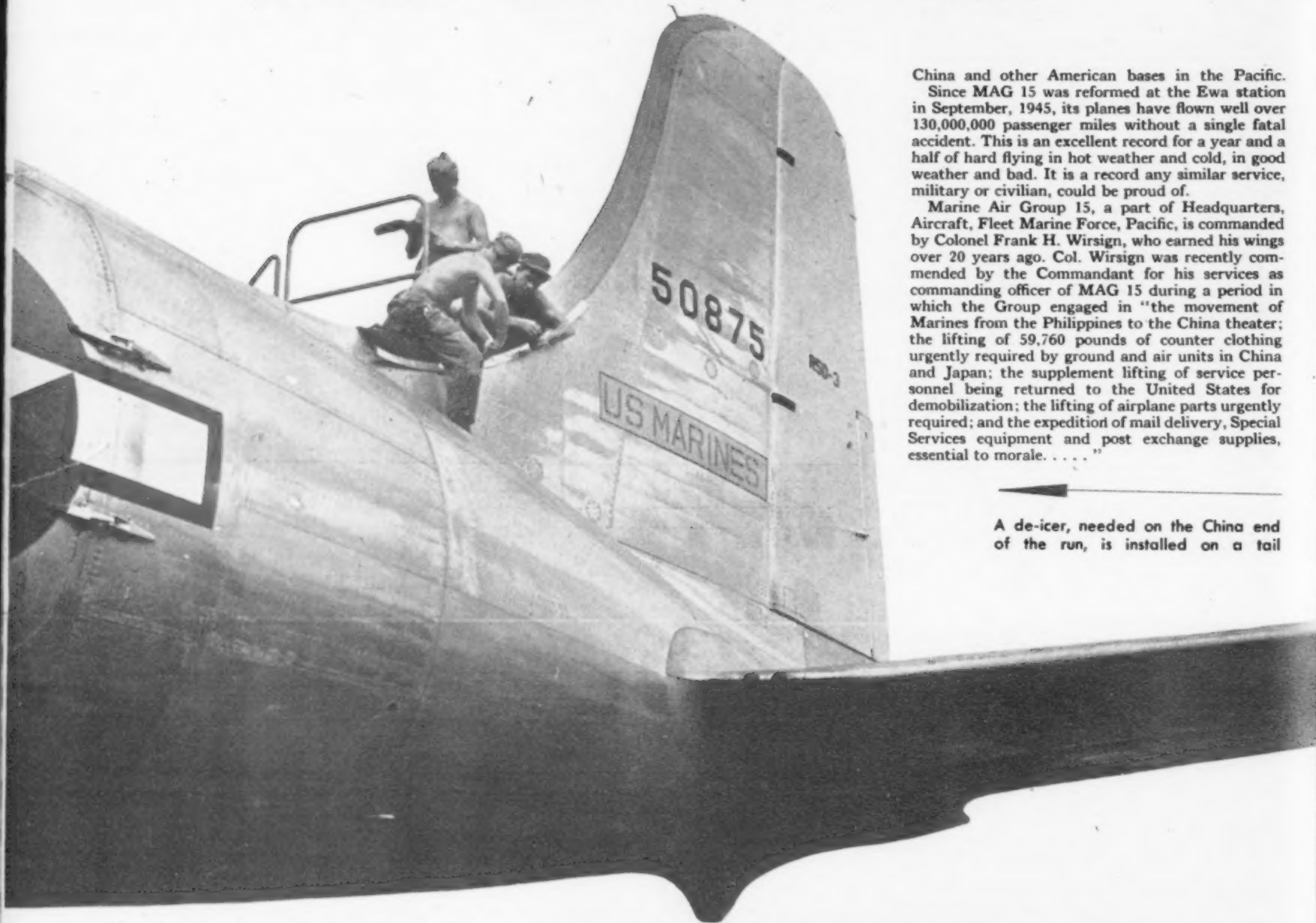
most airlines would have allowed to wait until morning. But because the cargo was marked "Expedite," the delay was cut as short as possible. The life of an air-transport crew isn't always an easy one. The crew was tired when the work was done and there were eight sighs of relief as the first pilot, Lieutenant Cecil Champion, got the motor started.

Many Marines and sailors get a real break coming back from China, since the transports carry nothing but passengers on their return flights. Each month hundreds of men on emergency furloughs, regular leaves and transfers, fly back to Hawaii, and some-



SKYTRAINS OF MAG 15 SPAN THE PACIFIC WITH VITAL SUPPLIES FOR POSTS OVERSEAS, PASSENGERS FOR STATESIDE

THIS MARINE AIR GROUP HAS FLOWN ITS TRANSPORT PLANES WELL OVER 130,000,000 MILES WITHOUT A FATALITY



China and other American bases in the Pacific.

Since MAG 15 was reformed at the Ewa station in September, 1945, its planes have flown well over 130,000,000 passenger miles without a single fatal accident. This is an excellent record for a year and a half of hard flying in hot weather and cold, in good weather and bad. It is a record any similar service, military or civilian, could be proud of.

Marine Air Group 15, a part of Headquarters, Aircraft, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, is commanded by Colonel Frank H. Wirsig, who earned his wings over 20 years ago. Col. Wirsig was recently commended by the Commandant for his services as commanding officer of MAG 15 during a period in which the Group engaged in "the movement of Marines from the Philippines to the China theater; the lifting of 59,760 pounds of counter clothing urgently required by ground and air units in China and Japan; the supplement lifting of service personnel being returned to the United States for demobilization; the lifting of airplane parts urgently required; and the expedition of mail delivery, Special Services equipment and post exchange supplies, essential to morale. . . ."

A de-icer, needed on the China end of the run, is installed on a tail

times all the way to the States. They, more than anyone else, have a tangible and personal reason to appreciate MAG 15's Skytrains.

During the demobilization period, between September, 1945, and March, 1946, this transport group carried more than 27,000 Marines and Navy personnel back to Hawaii from the forward areas. The majority of these men were returning for discharge. MAG 15 would have taken them all the way. At that time there was a great demand on their already taxed facilities. The Group had only two planes capable of making the non-stop jumps in from Hawaii. The rest of their planes were twin-engined R5C Commandoes, suited only for the westward route along which are many intermediate stops.

The Group began the change over to four-motored R5D-3's early in 1946 when the Navy released the first of these planes to the Marines. The highest number of Skytrains to be used by MAG 15 was reached in July, 1946, when they had 30. From July until the first of the year, the Group kept all 30 in service, making several flights a week to the United States from Pearl Harbor as well as one round trip a week to Midway and three hops a week to China and back. Shortly after the first of the year the number was reduced to 15. The other 15 went to MAG 25 at El Toro, Calif. MAG 25 took over the flights from the United States to Hawaii, leaving MAG 15 to devote all its time to supplying



Mechanics of VMR 352 are taking a motor from a transport with the aid of a derrick truck. This squadron, part of the air group, handles all the heavy repair work that has to be done



Corporal Buford Wright, a radio operator, pitches in during a stop on Guam's Agaña field. He is refueling a wing tank



PFC Juan Vaca of VMR 953 stands by with a fire extinguisher, alert to prevent damage by exhaust flames as the motor starts

The Group is composed of four squadrons, VMR-953, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Luther R. Siebert; VMR-352, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel John W. Burkhart; Headquarters Squadron 15, headed by Major Robert R. Baker and Service Squadron 15, under Lieutenant Colonel Robert R. Burns.

The first two, VMR-953 and 352, operate the big R5D-3 transport planes that shuttle between China and Hawaii. Headquarters Squadron 15 is equipped with one JRB and two R4D's which handle short hops, usually inter-island. It also provides administration for all units under the Group's control. The service squadron operates no planes at all. Its job is to make all major repairs on planes belonging to MAG 15, transient aircraft and other planes under the jurisdiction of the Group.

All four squadrons got more than their share of work during that period immediately following the war's end. The task of servicing and reconditioning all planes returning from the Pacific to the States,

and planes assigned to the Pacific from the States was handled by MAG 15's ground crews. Extra fuel tanks had to be installed on most of the latter planes to give them the range they needed. The Group had to take, from its ground personnel, men enough to provide 14 complete ferry crews and four partial ones to fly out-bound planes to their new Pacific bases.

In the transition from two- to four-motored planes, schools had to be set up to train personnel in maintaining and operating the new craft.

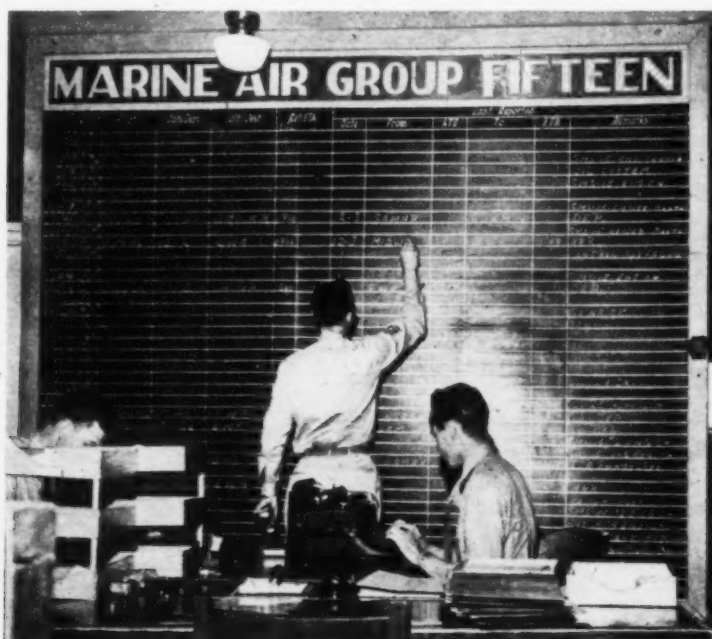
The tasks assigned MAG 15 are many and varied. It is not uncommon to find them combining two jobs at the same time. This was demonstrated a few months ago when two of MAG 15's planes picked up a squadron of night fighters, VMF (N) 533, at Guam and guided them to Peiping, China.

One of the fully loaded transports acted as a weather plane. Flying miles ahead of the squadron, it radioed back information on weather conditions it encountered. This prevented the little planes from running into storm areas that might have forced

them down far from land. The other big plane, with complete instruments for navigation — which the night fighters did not have — acted as a navigation guide and led the flight straight to China.

The majority of those attached to MAG 15 consider it good duty. It is often monotonous, even rough at times, and a few men apply for transfers. Those who do usually find out that there is a good deal of truth in an old Marine Corps adage that "the best post in the Corps is the one you just left, the worst is the one you are going to."

There are many who never get to make the China flight and it is usually these who are first to greet each returning plane. As the crewmen open the plane's door they are greeted with shouting. "Did you bring me those silk pajamas I wanted for my girl?" After a brief inspection of the embroidered garments the groundmen return to their tasks. On the line there is a plane to get ready and in the warehouse another load of cargo to be stowed aboard. It is marked "China — EXPEDITE." **END**



A record of each plane, its destination, pilot and load is kept on an aircraft disposition board in the Ewa operations office



A few minutes before take off, officers and enlisted men embark for China. MAG 15 transports as many replacements as it can



Because their memories are not dependable, it is always a good plan to inform several houseboys if you want to be called on time. Here PFC James Sumner is awakened by his houseboy's buddy



Cheng Hyng Yuan plays shoe shine boy as his Marine boss bucks for a liberty in Tientsin



Your Chinese houseboy will press your clothes, shine your shoes, make your sack and be an alarm clock, all for the insignificant sum of \$45,000 a month

by Sgt. Harry Polete
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

— TIENTSIN

ON THE slightest provocation any Marine who has been there, and even some of those who haven't, will make an attempt to explain the mysterious lure that China holds for the Occidental. They have found that holding forth on the subject of the comely Eurasian and White Russian girls who make Chinese cities pleasurable is one of the best ways to hold an audience. With the favorite embellishments, "Land of the Dragon," "Flowery Kingdom" and "Forbidden City," Marines paint lurid and fabulous tales about China and its wonders.

But there is another reason for the popularity of China duty. He is a little guy who pads quietly around the squadroom doing his chores in silent, insignificant humility. For this he is paid \$45,000 a month. We speak of the China Marine's houseboy.

The \$45,000 is, of course, Chinese, but even if it is, the fact that a Marine in China can afford the equivalent of a Hollywood valet is inducement enough for a man to endure the rugged weeks of recruit training. If perchance the boot has missed the information before entering the Corps, he gets the word at boot camp. From then on it's likely to be "China Duty" for him.

However, the "second timer," returning to China, knows something of what to expect. But he will find prices slightly higher than they were before the war when the old Fourth held forth. The current rate of exchange hovers between 4800 and 5500 Chinese dollars for one American dollar, which is still a fairly favorable setup. A slight application of mathematics will disclose the high financial bracket in which a China Marine finds himself. A private's monthly pay can be converted into about \$450,000 in Chinese money. This will buy a lot of pleasure in China, and the services of one or more houseboys for work in the squadroom and messhalls.

China makes no distinction between boots and second timers because labor, one of that country's most abundant assets, is also one of its cheapest commodities. The Marine custom of hiring Chinese for houseboys and messboys provides a decent living for the lucky applicants and perhaps saves them from starvation. The work is easy and there are always from 15 to 20 applicants for every job.

The first time he steps into his barracks the Marine doing his first duty in China may be somewhat surprised by an inoffensive little Chinese

who immediately confronts him and proceeds to struggle for possession of his gear. Finally, submitting to the Oriental's persistence, he watches the houseboy carry it to his sack.

The new arrival's next encounter with his valet-to-be occurs when he begins the old routine of making down his sack. He finds the little houseboy between himself and the sack attending to the detail for him. Before very long his buddies cut him in on the scoop, a deal is made and the new China Marine is soon playing the role of the old salt to his houseboy.

The houseboy's duties may differ in some particulars from those of a Stateside valet, but generally they are the same. He presses clothes, sews on buttons, makes beds and does general field day and messhall duty. In short, he relieves his master of all the undesirable details. Duty with a houseboy is not only a novelty but affords the Marine many leisure moments in which to enjoy the wonders of the strange country in which he is stationed.

Eventually, the Marine becomes aware, too, of the little matter of "comashaw." The \$45,000-a-month received by the houseboy is just a basic salary. Most of them double this by a form of racket. In America,

chorem en



Marine messmen and cooks handle all food, but the houseboys are on hand for scullery work in the galley and for clean up details



Every morning the boy pads silently into the barracks, quietly lights the fire, and then makes a racket to awaken the Marines



With Chinese barracks boys hired to take care of that old bugbear, the head detail, Marines have a great deal more leisure time on the post and can spend more hours on Tientsin liberties

comashaw might be called by another name. But in China, where it is practiced by over 300,000,000 people, it has been more or less accepted as a custom.

There are various methods of collecting comashaw and the houseboy knows them all. Sometimes he collects on both ends of a transaction. If he is sent to a store to make a purchase he shakes down the merchant for the commission he feels is due him for bringing in the extra business. The Marine can expect to pay just a little more than the actual price of the object, for services rendered.

The average cost of maintaining houseboys for the barracks, and messboys for the messhall, runs to about \$2.50 (American) a month per man. If the barracks are large, the cost to the individual is less than in barracks where a few men are quartered. This includes the salary of the Number One boy, who receives a sum up to \$75,000, Chinese, depending on how well he gets the work done. But regardless of the size of the barracks or the number of Chinese employed there, there will always be a Number One boy to run the show.

Houseboys are organized in groups and have their own chain of command. The Number One boy supplies the boys as they are needed and they are

responsible to him for their conduct. When they fail to do satisfactory work he beats his gums and reads them off like a police sergeant with dyspepsia. He is the "Complaint Department" and acts as a sort of buffer between the houseboys and the Marines. When they have difficulties with their employers he listens to their troubles and makes an effort to iron out the differences. If he is unsuccessful the houseboy gets a transfer and is replaced by another.

Undoubtedly there have been times when Marines have overestimated the abilities of their faithful helpers. The amusing tales of houseboys who have been entrusted with rifle cleaning usually end with the sad example of the Marine's being severely reprimanded by his commanding officer at inspection. There have been court-martial cases during which such sorry confessions have been wrung from a man on trial, because he detailed his houseboy to duties which he should have personally performed.

But, however limited the intelligence or dependability of the whimsical houseboy, he does help compensate for bad duty, if there is bad duty, and his presence helps to make good duty still better. Whatever the case, his system adds to, rather than detracts from, the magic and luster of the Orient. **END**



This little guy is very serious over a so-so job

**The Number One Boys
run the houseboys'
employment agencies**



In addition to sack making, head details and general police work around the barracks, houseboys keep uniforms neat. Wang Shier Len attends to a few pressing duties while his master is at work



The uniform is sharp but what about those old boondockers? Jeeves, you're slipping

BULLETIN BOARD

Overseas Area Assignments

IT IS now possible for enlisted men to choose their overseas station of duty. Men who have less than two years to serve on their current enlistments may select their overseas area assignment PROVIDED they agree to extend their enlistments in accordance with the provisions of Article 2-31, Marine Corps Manual, in order to have a minimum of 28 months to serve.

Enlisted men desiring to take advantage of this opportunity may submit their requests to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, setting forth the following information: (a) Duration of extension; (b) Area assignment desired; (c) Amount of accrued leave to which entitled; (d) Specification serial number. Commanding Officers will forward such requests immediately, via channels, with a statement relative to relief required, if any.

Extensions of enlistment must not be executed until after the receipt of transfer directives from Headquarters. Prior to transfer, enlisted men who extend their enlistments in accordance with the provisions of the authority will, if they so desire, be granted all accrued leave they will have standing to their credit as of 30 June of the fiscal year during which the leave is to commence, the total of which is not to exceed 60 days. In addition to the leave authorized above, upon return to the United States, provided they so desire, all enlisted men who have served overseas at least one year will insofar as practicable be granted the accrued leave standing to their credit on the date of their return to the United States, not to exceed 60 days.

Enlisted men returning to the United States after a minimum of 21 months overseas may select their next duty station insofar as the requirements of the service permit.

Area assignments available for selection are: China, Japan, Marianas (Guam and Saipan); Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska (Kodiak, Adak, Attu, Dutch Harbor); Balboa, Canal Zone; and Guantanamo Bay.

Errors in Leave Application

Numerous errors and omissions are appearing in applications for compensation for unused leave, submitted by persons on active duty. In some cases the Terminal Leave Division is receiving two separate claims from the same person. These are usually from different posts. Commanding Officers must exercise great care before forwarding such claims to assure themselves that a prior claim has not been submitted by the same individual. All military personnel should be instructed to return all bonds and all checks to the Terminal Leave Division if more than one payment should ever occur.

Letter of Instruction 1336 and sample forms of claims blanks included therein are intended only for Marines, both officers and enlisted men, who were actually on active duty on 1 September, 1946.

Anyone who was in civil life on that date, and has subsequently returned to active duty, should use the regular form, prepared by a joint service committee, which bears Budget Bureau number 49-R283. These forms are obtainable at all post offices.

In many cases it has been found that the rates of pay, which are to be inserted by the Commanding Officer in the First Endorsement to the Claim for Compensation by enlisted men, are incorrect.

The Armed Forces Leave Act provides that unused leave shall be compensated for on base pay plus longevity. Therefore, aviation pay, extra allowances for Subsistence and Quarters, etc., should not be included.

Many of these applications from officers and enlisted men in the service on 1 September, 1946 must be returned for correction because of the errors or omissions:

- (a) Application not signed by claimant.
- (b) Certificate not signed by certifying officer.
- (c) Jurat not signed by officer administering oath.
- (d) Rank of officer administering oath not shown.
- (e) First endorsement on enlisted man's claim not signed by Commanding Officer.
- (f) Serial number not shown on claim.
- (g) Address of the post or station not shown on claim.

Award Recommendations

The much discussed subject of balancing the number of medals and decorations and making belated recognition for acts of heroism performed during the war, comes to notice again in the effort of Marine Corps Headquarters to catch up on awards.

Commanding officers, active or inactive, are now requested to submit recommendations for awards for their present or former commands not previously recommended, for the Navy Cross, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Navy and Marine Corps Medal, Air Medal, Bronze Star, or Commendation Ribbon. Also, all recommendations previously submitted and disapproved of Review for Decorations and Medals, Navy Department, via the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

Along with this information comes the note that the privilege of wearing the Combat Distinguished Service device "V" does not automatically entitle officers to the benefits of the law governing advancement on the retired list.

First Pay Grade

First Sergeant rank became First Pay Grade, effective 10 February, 1943. Consequently the date of rank as Master Sergeant cannot be earlier than 10 February 1943 when the rank of First Sergeant is used as a basis for the date of entering the first pay grade. Example: A man promoted to First Sergeant in 1938 and then to Sergeant Major in 1944 would have 10 February, 1943 as the date of rank as Master Sergeant. Chief Cook, Field Cook and Assistant Cook ranks became third, fourth and fifth pay grades, respectively, effective 1 July, 1943. Apply the same procedure for these ranks.

Civilian Clothing Off Duty

Civilian clothing may now be worn off duty ashore by officers and enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps within the Western Hemisphere and U. S. possessions.

The wearing of civilian clothing will be in accordance with Article 1-6 and 1-7, of Uniform Regulations and may be suspended at the discretion of district commandants to meet local conditions.

Enlisted men will not be allowed to have civilian clothing in their possession aboard ship, but possession of civilian clothing at shore stations may be authorized by CO's. Previous instruction regarding wearing of civilian clothing by Women Reserves and nurses will remain in effect. Only uniformed personnel will be allowed furlough rates when traveling by rail.

New Tables of Organization

During the next few months the new tables of organization for all Marine Corps activities will be distributed. These will include the first peacetime tables for organization of the Fleet Marine Force, security and supporting establishments. Many units will for the first time have complete tables showing organization billets by military specialty number and job titles.

All the new tables of organization will show the ranks according to the change which became effective on 1 December, 1946. These will be used as the basis for authorized allowance by specialty number and pay grade which is now being used in the new promotion system.

Marine Units Awarded Presidential and Navy Awards

Awards of the Presidential Unit Citation and Navy Unit Commendation to Marine organizations, including those which participated in the bitter struggle for Iwo Jima in February, 1945, have been approved by the Secretary of the Navy.

Secretary Forrestal authorized the Presidential Unit Citation for all assault troops of the Fifth Amphibious Corps who landed on Iwo under command of Lieutenant General Harry Schmidt, USMC, for the period of February 19-28. To supporting troops of the Fifth Corps, at Iwo, the Navy Unit Commendation was awarded for that period. Assault troops at Iwo included:

The Third Marine Division, Reinforced, less the Third Marines; Ninth Marines; Twenty-First Marines, Third Engineer Battalion, less detachments; Third Tank Battalion; Third Joint Assault Signal Company, less detachments; Reconnaissance Company, Headquarters Battalion, Third Marine Division; Liaison and forward observer parties, Twelfth Marines and pilots and air observers, VMO-1.

Also Fourth Marine Division, Reinforced; Twenty-Third Marines; Twenty-Fourth Marines; Twenty-Fifth Marines; Companies "A," "B," and "C," Fourth Tank Battalion; Companies "A," "B" and "C," Fourth Engineer Battalion; First Joint Assault Signal Company; First, Second and Third Platoons, Military Police Companies, "B" and "C," Fourth Pioneer Battalion; Tenth Amphibian Tractor Battalion, Fifth Amphibian Tractor Battalion and Reconnaissance Company, Headquarters Battalion, Fourth Marine Division.

Also Companies "A," "B" and Detachment Headquarters Company, Second Armored Amphibian Battalion; Seventh Marine War Dog Platoon; pilots and air observers, VMO-4; liaison and forward observer parties, Fourteenth Marines; First Provisional Rocket Detachment; Fifth Marine Division, Reinforced; Twenty-Sixth Marines; Twenty-Seventh Marines and Twenty-Eighth Marines.

Also Fifth Engineer Battalion; Fifth Tank Battalion; Sixth War Dog Platoon; Fifth Joint Assault Signal Company; Third Amphibian Tractor Battalion; Eleventh Amphibian Tractor Battalion; Companies "A," "B" and "C," Fifth Pioneer Battalion; Reconnaissance Company, Headquarters Battalion; Fifth Marine Division; First, Second and Third Platoons, Military Police Company, Headquarters Battalion, Fifth Marine Division; Third Provisional Rocket Detachment; pilots and air observers, VMO-5; liaison and forward observer parties, Thirteenth Marines and Companies "C," "D" and Detachment Headquarters Company, Second Armored Amphibian Battalion.

Support troops at Iwo included all troops not assigned to assault landings.

The Presidential Unit Citation was also awarded Marine Fighting Squadron-214, for air operations against the enemy at Guadalcanal, Munda, Northern Solomons, Vella Lavella and Torokina.

Other organizations receiving the Navy Unit Commendation included the following:

Third Marines, Third Marine Division for Empress Augusta Bay Beachhead, Bougainville; Twelfth Marines, Third Marine Division, for Empress Augusta Bay Beachhead and Guam, Marianas Islands; Sixth Marine Defense Battalion, Fleet Marine Force, for Midway; South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command (SCAT).

All Volunteers

As part of the program to get the Marine Corps back on a completely volunteer personnel basis, the Commandant has recently approved a policy which will provide for the release of all USMC, SSV (Selective Service Volunteers) personnel. These men entered the service through the Selective Service system, but because of technicalities in the enlistment contract, have not been eligible for release along with other inductees or reservists. Release of these men was begun on 1 December, 1946. Men in this classification must apply in writing to the Commandant of the Marine Corps and discharges will be made for the convenience of the government.

Class IV Reserve

Marine Corps Headquarters is seeking to advise men who enlisted for limited service in the Corps under the provisions of the Class IV Reserve that they are eligible for extra benefits under the terminal leave bill.

This bill provided that men in this group who had legal dependents should receive quarters and subsistence allowance of \$1.25 per day. Accordingly, men who had qualified dependents at the time of discharge are entitled to this allowance and should include this item in their claim for unused leave settlement. But, it should be understood that only men who were serving in Class IV Reserve status at the time of discharge are entitled to this credit.

Claims already submitted to the Terminal Leave Section will be returned to permit the claimants opportunity to amend their claims. No new claims should be filed, nor requests sent in asking for the return of original claims. This will be taken care of by the claim section itself.

Although instructions on the claim form state that question six is to be answered by personnel of the first three pay grades only, all Class IV men should answer it. Branch of service should be indicated by "USMCR — Class IV."

Probation from Court-Martial

Enlisted men in a probationary status from court-martial may not be taken off probationary status for the commission of petty offenses. Revocation of probation is not a punishment authorized at mast, but must be taken as a separate and distinct administrative action.

In plain words, the man who is serving out a probationary period after a general court-martial in which the sentence would be confinement in a naval prison or bad conduct discharge, cannot be made to pay the penalty of the general court for a petty offense that would normally draw only office hours or captain's mast.

While the terms of probation state "that the man maintain conduct satisfactory to his commanding officer," a petty offense shall not be considered sufficient evidence of unsatisfactory conduct. Any offenses committed during a period of probation must be of a degree calling for summary court, general court, or an accumulation of minor offenses to be considered "unsatisfactory conduct."

Missing Personal Property

Numerous requests are continually being received by LEATHERNECK and Marine Corps Headquarters from personnel asking for aid in locating personal baggage from which they have become separated in the course of their wartime wanderings.

Inquiries from enlisted personnel, or inquiries relative to the effects of all deceased personnel and prisoners of war, should be addressed to:

Commanding Officer
Marine Corps Personal Baggage Center
Base Depot, Camp Elliott
San Diego 44, Calif.

All inquiries from living officers should be addressed to:

Post Supply Officer (Personal Effects)
Depot of Supplies
100 Harrison Street
San Francisco 6, Calif.

The following information should be included with the request: Complete name, rank, serial number, organization present and former, home address, type of container, such as sea bag, locker, etc.

Recreation for Dependents

Recreational facilities of outlying and isolated stations may now be used by dependents of Marine Corps personnel. This applies only to stations where there are no civilian recreation establishments and only naval facilities are operated.

Navy transports moving dependents also are authorized to draw from their funds such amounts as are necessary to furnish recreation facilities for the dependents.

Organized Reserve

Members of the Marine Corps Reserve may now obtain lapel buttons by personally requesting them from reserve district directors, or from commanding officers of organized reserve units.

Since the organization of active reserve units has gained momentum, it seems timely to remind officers holding reserve commissions that they cannot become members of a State National Guard, or Naval Reserve unit and still hold commissions in the Marine Corps Reserve, (active or inactive).

THE BASKET BOWL



BASEBALL has its World Series; football, its Rose Bowl game; hockey, its Stanley Cup Playoffs; and now, finally, basketball has built up a reasonable facsimile of these classics in its annual mid-March National Invitation Tournament held in New York City's Madison Square Garden.

Each year the city's Metropolitan Intercollegiate Committee selects the eight top-ranking American college basketball teams and invites them to compete in the tournament. The winner generally is considered the best college cage team of the year.

Some followers of the sport will contend the National Collegiate Athletic Association's tournament, also an annual event, decides the nation's top team. But many fine teams, representing colleges that are not members of the NCAA, cannot compete in the NCAA tournament. They may, however, compete in the contests held in the Garden.

The Invitation tournament is the brainchild of New York's Metropolitan Writers' Association. This group, since the inception of basketball in the Garden in 1934, sought to select the best team that had played in the famed sports arena during the season. From this it was the next logical step to ask the best teams in the country to take part. The first of these was held in 1938. Six aggregations were invited.

But the writers had not reckoned on the ever-increasing size of their bouncing basketball baby. The very next year, in 1939, it had become too cumbersome to handle. An agreeable intercollegiate committee took it off their hands. Jack Coffey of Fordham University, chairman of the committee, appointed Asa Bushnell, head of the Intercollegiate American Amateur Athletic Association to take charge of the new basketball project.

by Arthur E. Mielke

Basketball now has a
bowl counterpart in the
yearly Garden tournament

THE BASKET BOWL (cont.)

New York's sports-minded "subway alumni" were immediately interested. So great did this interest become that it was decided, in 1940, to increase the number of competing teams to eight. From then until the present, except for rule changes in the game itself, the tournament has gone on from year to year, virtually unchanged.

Each year, almost from its beginning, the tournament has drawn near-sellout crowds to this, America's largest indoor sports arena. A total of 71,197 tickets were sold for the four nights of competition in 1944. The next year, better than 18,000 crowded into the Garden each night for a total of 72,622 admissions. Last year every record was broken. On two successive nights 18,458 and 18,483 spectators turned up. The total for the four nights was 73,894.

Thirty-six colleges have competed from once to six times. New York City's arch basketball rivals, St. John's College and Long Island University, lead the field with six and five invitations, respectively. Each has won the tournament twice. Rhode Island State has competed four times, but has yet to win top honors. Then follow De Paul, West Virginia, Oklahoma A. & M. and the relatively unknown Bowling Green University of Ohio, each with three trips to the Garden for tournament play.

One of the best teams to play in the eight years of competition was the first year's winner, Temple. It turned back Bradley Tech, Oklahoma A. & M. and Colorado University. The towering Owls, with two 6-foot, 6-inch players in Don Otten and Don Henderson, got better and better as the tournament progressed. Their last game, against an excellent Colorado lineup that included the great basketball and football star, Byron "Whizzer" White, was a floor burner. The Owls' passing was so fast and expert that a panting Whizzer was heard to exclaim to a teammate:

"How do you like this part of the country, my friend?"

It was that bad.

Top man on the Temple squad, and winner of the first "most valuable player" award, was Shields. In the final game the giant forward scored 16 points and fed his teammates numerous other scoring opportunities.

Probably the most amazing team ever to play in

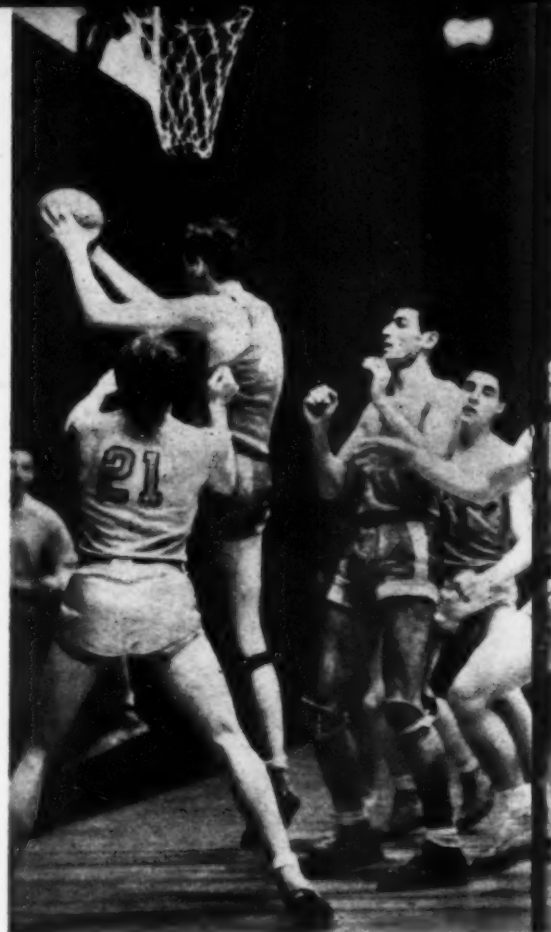
the tournament both from the scoring standpoint, and because it included one George Mikan, was the 1945 winner, De Paul University of Chicago. De Paul's Blue Demons smashed practically every record in the tournament's history. It subdued West Virginia, 76-52; Rhode Island, 97-53; and Bowling Green, 71-54. But it was the bespectacled, 6-foot, 9-inch Blue Demons' center, Mikan, who monopolized the fans' attention when he put on the nearest semblance to a one-man show the Garden has ever seen. In the final game, while pitted against an even taller Don Otten of Bowling Green, Mikan dropped in 15 field goals and four free throws, for a total of 34 points. Otten, who stand 6 feet 11½ inches, was not able to net more than seven points, so closely was he guarded. His eagerness to hold Mikan to a respectable score caused him to commit many fouls. He was banished from the game with eight minutes to go, on his fifth personal foul.

Although Mikan was high scorer in every game in which he participated during the regular 1944-45 season, his performance against Rhode Island State in the Garden tournament was his best. In his 38 minutes of play he made 21 field goals and 11 free tries for an amazing total of 53 points — the same number as the entire Rhode Island State squad.

This performance erased the previous all-time Madison Square Garden scoring record of 45 made by St. John's Harry Boykoff in a non-tournament game against St. Joseph's College in 1943, and relegated to the ash heap the former tournament record of 37 set by Bob Gerber of Toledo, also against Rhode Island, in 1942. The record-scoring spree clinched the outstanding player award for Mikan and boosted his team to a new Garden total score record. To make this performance all the more remarkable, Mikan in this game, was opposed by the man destined to become the most valuable player in 1946, Ernie Calverley.

The great Mikan, who must be listed with such court immortals as Hank Luisetti, Nat Holman and Howard Cann, was rewarded in a practical way after graduation when the Chicago Gears of the National Basketball League signed him up for five years at \$12,000 a year — the highest salary ever to be paid to a basketball player.

The most valuable player award has not always gone to a member of the team winning the tournament. In 1939, Bill Lloyd of St. John's was chosen despite the fact that his team did not get past the



Temple's Shields, in the '38 games, takes a rebound from the backboard

first round. In 1941, Ohio University was eliminated in the second round of play but still managed to contribute a top player in Frank Baumholtz. Rhode Island's Calverley was selected from another losing team. Other winners of the coveted award were Bob Doll, Colorado University, in 1940; Rudy Baric, West Virginia, 1942; Harry Boykoff, St. John's, 1943; and Bill Kotsos, St. John's, in 1944. At first, the sports writers covering the games made the selections. But in 1945 the system was revised so that the basketball coaches of several of New York's colleges did the picking.

One of the Big City's perennially top teams, that of Long Island University, under the famous Clair Bee, won the team championship in 1939. The Blackbirds beat New Mexico Aggies, Bradley Tech and Loyola University. The team's other tournament win was scored in 1941. Victims this time were Westminster, Seton Hall and Ohio University.

The only other double tournament champion, St. John's, won in the successive years, 1943 and 1944. The Redmen outpointed Rice, Fordham, and Toledo, to win their first title. Next year the Brooklyn boys defeated Bowling Green, Kentucky and De Paul.

Other winners were Colorado University in 1940, paced by Bob Doll, with victories over De Paul and Duquesne; West Virginia, in 1942, with wins over Long Island University, Toledo and Western Kentucky; and finally, last year, the great Kentucky team.

Although Kentucky won the 1946 final, it remained for the tiny Rhode Island State and the equally tiny (from a basketball standpoint) Ernie Calverley to provide the fireworks. The tournament produced the greatest single feat in the history of the annual affair. In the first round Rhode Island was pitted against a heavily-favored Bowling Green team. Calverley, whose 145 pounds stretch to 5



Best player in the '38 tourney, Shields (left), receives a trophy from St. John's Joe Lapchick

feet, 11 inches, faced the giant Otten who, the year before, had tried in vain to stop George Mikan.

Shortly after the game started it became evident that Ernie would be unable to keep Otten from scoring. The giant's rebound tap-ins were practically unstoppable. But this did not faze the fiery Calverley. He could score no more than 16 points as against Otten's 31. He was not even top scorer for his own team. But his poise, speed, stamina, steadiness, incredibly perfect passing and will to win, stamped him the outstanding player in the game by a good margin.

It remained for Ernie to provide the thrills at the end of the game. With two seconds of time left to play, and with the score 74 to 72 in favor of Bowling Green, Calverley whirled, far down the court, and looped a throw basketwards. No one in the large amphitheater thought it had a chance even of hitting the glass backboard. It didn't. Coming down almost from the roof it plummeted down through the loop without touching the rim. It was a "swisher." The length of this throw has been variously estimated at from 55 to 58 feet. It was the longest basket ever made in the Garden. The Garden's court is 90 feet long. The throw covered almost two-thirds the distance.

The two points moved Rhode Island back into a tie with Bowling Green for the ninth time in the contest. In the overtime the resurgent Rams scored eight points to win, 82-79. After this exciting and intensely hard fought game, Calverley's teammates lifted their star onto their shoulders and carried him triumphantly to the dressing room to the thunderous applause of the 18,458 onlookers.

Again, in the semi-final, an underdog Rhode Island State team came through to victory. Victims this time were the Mules of Muhlenburg. And again Ernie had himself a field day, scoring 27 points and netting another of the Calverley "specials" — this

The Kentucky mentor admitted it was the superior height and greater experience of his players that gave them the winning edge. The lead in the game changed 11 times.

Just which teams will be tops this year and will be invited to the Garden classic, is anybody's guess at this writing. Early in the season the experts picked Kentucky, Illinois, Notre Dame, New York University and Bowling Green, in that order, as the nation's best teams.

A scant two weeks after the season had gotten under way, Notre Dame had bowed to Wisconsin. Two nights later, Illinois, with its famed Whiz Kids returned from the wars, was knocked off by a not-highly-regarded Missouri five, 55-50. The Whiz Kids were the stars who sparked Illinois to Big Nine championships in 1942 and 1943 and then went, en masse, into the Marine Corps and the Army. The furor caused by this upset had barely died down when Bowling Green took a licking at the hands of Nat Holman's CCNY team. A week later the Illini dropped another game, this one to the Bears of the University of California.

Although defeats are to be expected even by the best teams in a schedule of 20 games or more, few had thought three top teams would taste defeat so early in the season. It bears out an early season prediction of Oklahoma A. & M. Coach Henry P. Iba that basketball was in for an "uncertain" if not "screwy" season.

Rhode Island State started off its season with four straight victories, three of them gained with scores of more than 100 points in each case.

Basketball is having a prosperous time this year. It came on the heels of baseball and football seasons that exceeded the wildest dreams of club owners. The inadequacy of the seating facilities in gymnasiums and arenas where the hoop game is played is the only limiting factor in the gathering in of crowds and their eager admission money. **END**



De Paul's George Mikan beams as he is loaded down with trophies for his play



time a 40-footer. Muhlenburg was snowed under, 59-49.

This set the stage for the final. Kentucky had beaten Arizona and West Virginia. Coached by Adolph Rupp, its all-star roster included Wilbur Schu, Jack Tingle, Jack Parkinson and Ralph Beard. Again, Rhode Island was the underdog.

As the teams left the court at half-time, the Rams were leading, 27-26.

But the pressure was too great and, ironically, it was Calverley who provided the break for Kentucky. With 40 seconds to go in the final period he fouled Beard and was banished from the game. Beard proceeded to sink his free throw and pull his team ahead, 46-45. This was the final score.

Rhode Island's "helter-skelter, hipper-dipper" attack and its accent on unorthodox, one-hand shots, kept the formal Kentucky on tenterhooks throughout the game. In fact, the Rams' play had been so unusual, if not erratic, some sports writers said the team lacked a good defense while others, also so-called experts, said its offense was bad. After the game a relieved Rupp muttered to reporters:

"Who said Rhode Island didn't have an offense? Who said Rhode Island didn't have a defense?"



The great Luisetti goes down under flying feet as Southern Cal players and Stanford's Calderwood scramble for the ball after Stanford's all-time greatest is dumped ignominiously by the wayside

THE RED CROSS

by Tom Stowe

**It did a big service during the war; was
the butt of many an overseas gripe**

With the approach of the 1947 campaign of the Red Cross in March the editors of The Leatherneck, well aware of the misunderstanding that so often existed among Marines during the war, decided to give Red Cross a spot in which to speak in this magazine. Tom Stowe, who wrote the story, knows whereof he speaks. He spent 38 months overseas and to him there are no fighting men like Marines. He served as a Red Cross field director with the Third Division at Guadalcanal and Bougainville, and as a naval-accredited war correspondent on Guam, Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

TWO years ago this month, thousands of wounded Marines lay on the black sands of Iwo Jima. Many were at death's door. Some hoped the end would come quickly, so great was their pain. Among them, suspended from a forked stick or carbine hung little bottles from which, through rubber tubes, ran life-giving whole blood into bodies that would die without it.

The whole blood campaign was big war news of that day. Everyone could remember the panicky feeling the tolls of Tarawa and Peleliu had given them, and now the lists from Iwo were repeating the story. A total of 5528 Marines were killed on Iwo. But another four thousand are alive today, according to conservative Navy medical estimates, because science and careful planning had brought whole blood, blood plasma and serum albumin to the rescue.

The story of mercy and life-saving was to be told again on Okinawa. To that muddy and shell-blasted shima, lying in the shadow of Japan itself, was flown whole blood directly from the United States. Before Iwo, blood plasma, a derivative of blood taken from donors, had been the mainstay of the battlefield doctor and corpsman. Six thousand pints of plasma went ashore at Tarawa, and 4000 came back in the veins of surviving Marines.

Practically all of the domestic blood used by the armed forces in World War II was collected by the American Red Cross and turned over to the Army and Navy for processing and distribution. All told, more than 13,000,000 pints were collected through volunteer donations by people in the U. S. No charge was ever made for a single drop, either by the donor or by Red Cross.

Most of the blood was processed into dried plasma or serum albumin, but 181,000 pints of whole blood

were flown directly to Pacific battlefronts and hospitals on Navy planes. Often blood which had flowed through the body of an unnamed hero in the United States one week, would course the veins of another hero on Iwo or Okinawa less than a week later. Refrigeration and top air transportation priority made it possible. Over 14,000 pints were used on Iwo; more than 40,000 on Okinawa. Sometimes between 20 and 40 pints were necessary to save one man's life.

Many a former Marine or his family may again benefit from surplus blood plasma accumulated during the war. Red Cross has made more than a million and a half units of plasma available without charge to civilian hospitals, and is prepared to assist communities in meeting emergency needs and in providing plasma during disasters such as the tragic hotel fire in Atlanta which snuffed out more than 120 lives.

Major General Walter K. Wilson, Secretary of War Patterson's liaison officer to Red Cross, and executive director of Army Emergency Relief, told me recently that the Blood Donor Service alone was worth more than all the money ever donated to Red Cross since it was chartered by Congress in 1905. Other top Army and Navy authorities have echoed this feeling.

Unquestionably the Blood Donor Service was the greatest single contribution of the Red Cross to the



The greatest single contribution by the Red Cross to the war effort was the 13,000,000-pint Blood Donor Service



This lounge on Okinawa, filled with liberated prisoners of war, is typical of the service Red Cross sought to render

war effort. But there were many other important ones. Its campaign slogan, "Your Red Cross Carries On," is symbolic of the peacetime program which it is rendering to civilians here at home; to men in the armed forces now, and to the destitute children in foreign countries.

More than 75 per cent of Red Cross expenditures today involve services to veterans, service personnel, and their families. Total cost of this year's program for them alone, has been estimated by National Chairman Basil O'Connor at \$74,500,000. These obligations will make it impossible for Red Cross to return to a normal peacetime budget for several years.

With veterans and their families now equaling nearly half the nation's population, Red Cross' biggest individual responsibility concerns the welfare of these people. While camp, club and hospital services continue for the armed forces, the veterans program at home today is still more extensive. Assistance in making applications for government benefits, financial aid while these are pending, personal guidance and counseling, and a broad hospital program embracing special physical rehabilitation and recreation activities, are included.

Millions of Americans appreciate what Red Cross does in the interest of world humanitarianism, yet today in a world seething with unrest, due largely to high prices, housing shortages and whatnot, there are some who like to take potshots at any handy target. Such tactics have become a popular sport.

Sometimes the shooting has been both fitting and proper, but all too often the victim has deserved a far better fate. There are many who, largely because of misunderstanding, are critical in their evaluations of work done by the Red Cross during the war.

By and large, I'm certain that the average Marine was really appreciative of the many real services rendered by Red Cross men and women during the war. Undoubtedly he would have appreciated them even more if he had fully understood just what Red Cross can and cannot do, under Navy, Army and its own congressional charter regulations.

For example, nearly every soldier, sailor or Marine knows that Red Cross helps men get emergency leaves, but how many know that their part is limited to verification for the need of an emergency leave; that only the commanding officer or authorities in a still higher echelon can approve or disapprove?

Both military and naval authorities ask Red Cross to make these reports because no other organization has chapters or branches located in every city, town or county throughout the nation. It is essential that commanding officers have such confirmation to prevent unnecessary emergency leaves. During the war, men could not be permitted to go home except under the most extenuating of circumstances. Even then comparatively few could be spared from overseas posts. While Marine units were still in the States, many emergency leaves were granted. But even then commanding officers had to be positive there was a real need.

A Marine at Camp Elliott asked for leave because, he said, his aunt had died. The commanding officer wanted a Red Cross verification. A telegram to the chapter brought a reply which said, in effect, that Yes, Aunt was dead. She had been dead, in fact, for four long years.

On the whole, there were comparatively few instances where men deliberately tried to fake an excuse for an emergency leave. But there were many instances where circumstances were not, in the opinion of the commanding officer, serious enough to warrant a man's absence from training.

The Red Cross' part in each verification was limited to obtaining facts such as statements of family physicians. It was never permitted to make recommendations regarding furloughs. Yet today, thousands of servicemen erroneously think Red Cross has the power to approve or disapprove an emergency leave.

Another service often misunderstood concerns the issuance of loans or grants to servicemen and their families. Financial assistance is based on situations where there is real need, or an emergency situation. With members of the armed forces, military or naval approval must also be obtained. It often happened that what seemed to the individual to be an emergency did not, strictly speaking, fall into this category. When Bill or Mike lost money gambling, or were on leave and wanted extra cash to spend, they were in a predicament — but hardly one that could be declared an emergency. Yet, believe it or not, some are critical because they couldn't get a loan for such reasons. Red Cross would have gone bankrupt in short order had it made a loan every time a man was short of funds.

More than two and a quarter million servicemen were assisted to the extent of \$60,000,000 during the war years. Not a cent of interest was charged. Fundamentally the responsibility of Red Cross was, and is, to assist and supplement whenever possible, all branches of the armed forces and their families, giving top priority to the sick and wounded.

Thousands of wounded Marines, as well as soldiers and sailors, will remember the thrill they got at the first sight of a white woman in hospitals on lonely Pacific islands. She was a nurse, or she was a Red Cross girl distributing toilet articles, candy or read-

As Tiny tells it: "They said I couldn't go back because the woods were full of Jap snipers, so I went along with them and watched them wipe out a machine gun nest."

Tiny's Guadalcanal maneuver was the subject of a cartoon in *Leatherneck* shortly after that.

To give you an idea of what Tiny took to Guadalcanal with him, here are a few of the things: 1000 books, 1000 cigars, 250 packs of chewing tobacco, 2500 toothbrushes, 40,000 sheets of stationery, 15,000 envelopes, 1000 decks of cards, 5000 packs of chewing gum, 500 pounds of candy, \$1000 worth of games, \$700 worth of fishing tackle, \$400 worth of athletic gear, \$200 worth of musical instruments and radios.

Some veterans contend they never saw the Red Cross overseas. Undoubtedly some of them didn't, though I wonder how many there are, for example, who never received writing paper or toilet articles from a field director, never had free coffee and doughnuts, who never once entered a Red Cross club in New Zealand, New Caledonia, the Hawaiian Islands or some other point along the Nimitz highway to Tokyo, or who never saw blood plasma being given.

In the early days of the South Pacific campaign, Red Cross, until recently geared to peacetime work, found itself not fully prepared. But neither were the

Army, Navy and Marines. All were short of both personnel and supplies, and Red Cross was no exception. It would be silly to contend that the Red Cross program in World War II was perfect. It made mistakes. Some of the 20,000 men and women in Red Cross uniform at the war peak didn't pan out too well and changes had to be made. Uncle Sam had first call on the cream of American manpower. Except for a few key personnel, Red Cross never asked draft deferment.

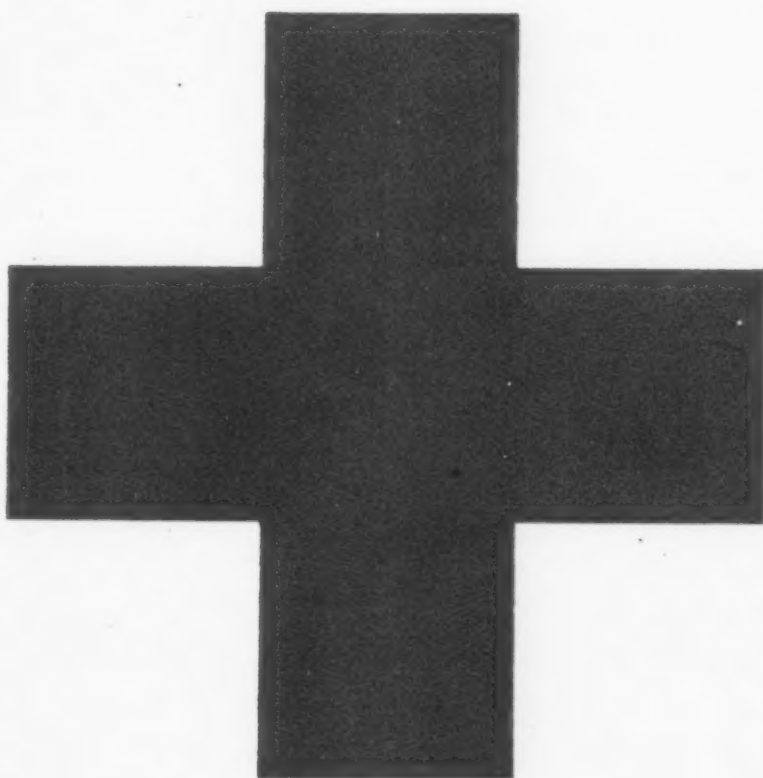
The biggest handicap for Red Cross in the Pacific was transportation. Movement of its vast quantities of supplies was extremely difficult because of shipping shortages and the fact that troops, food and ammunition had top priority. Army and Marine divisions often fared better than garrison or service units. They took their own Red Cross men and supplies with them wherever they went. For example, Third Division units left San Diego with \$100,000 worth of Red Cross supplies. Most of these were distributed on Guadalcanal or during the Bougainville invasion.

Other divisions operated in similar fashion, but no amount of "pogie bait" could have matched the appetites of those Marines who blazed a jungle trail to Tokyo. An effort was made to equalize the distribution, and to see that those in greatest need got first attention. After all, Red Cross wasn't expected to feed or supply troops when normal facilities were available.

With the return of peace, Red Cross field directors are continuing their basic program of serving as an emergency communications link between servicemen and their families in matters largely pertaining to domestic and personal problems. They are continuing, too, to check on health and welfare problems, give financial assistance, and help with recreational programs. This is true at Quantico, Parris Island, Camp Pendleton and other domestic bases and in China, where the First Marine Division is still on duty. The only change is that the "walking cafeteria" job is over.

The overseas club program continues, but with some modifications. In June, 1945, Red Cross had a total of 787 clubs, 289 clubmobiles and 111 canteens in operation overseas. The demobilization of nearly 14,000,000 GIs, however, has made it possible to reduce these facilities considerably, but the recreational features have been greatly expanded in the remaining recreation centers. More than \$25,000,000 is being spent by Red Cross during the current fiscal year on this overseas recreational program alone.

Under a new agreement with the War Department, the Army now assumes some of the cost of club operations, and sells food at the snack bars,



ing material, and helping untangle mixed-up feelings about injuries and their effect on the home folks.

Each of the six Marine divisions had a four- or five-man Red Cross unit attached. Most of them were men who, unable to enlist, were anxious to do their part anyway.

Many of the Red Cross field directors who were with Marine divisions gave up their jobs at home to go overseas. As civilians they weren't eligible for any of the government benefits, not even the \$10,000 insurance policy any GI could buy.

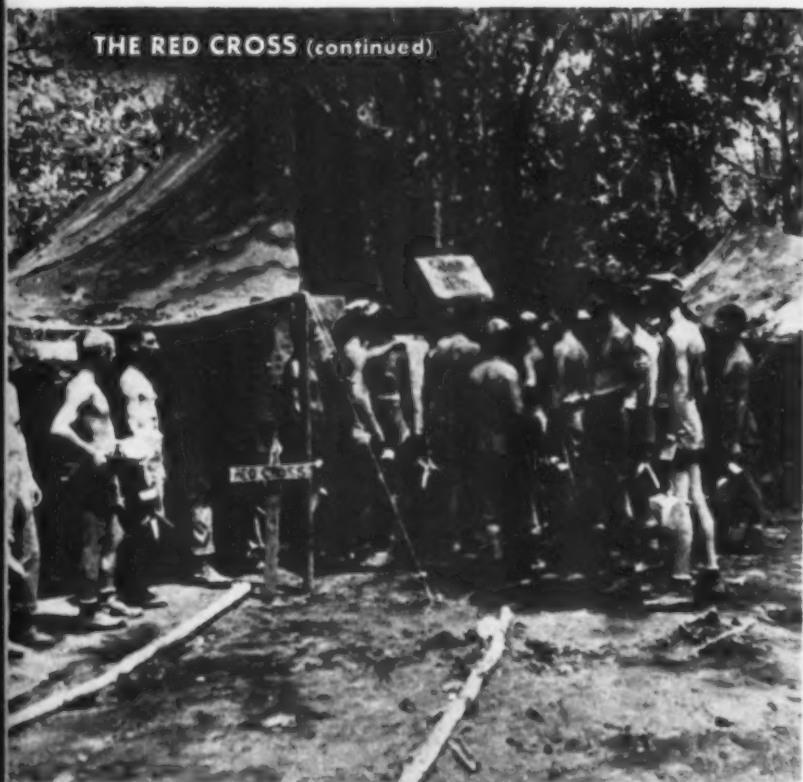
Generally speaking, Red Cross men either stayed pretty close to field hospitals during combat to help in caring for the sick and wounded, or made trips to front lines during lulls to deliver soap, cigars, toothbrushes, and other comfort items.

Veterans of Guadalcanal will remember "Tiny" Tom Montgomery, the six-foot, eight-inch, 275-pound American Red Cross field director and former Stanford weight thrower who got lost ahead of the lines on a cigaret-dispensing expedition.

Coming suddenly onto a little huddle of Marines, Tiny came up with, "Hey fellows, how much farther do I have to go to get to the front lines?"

"Front lines, hell," said the Marines, "they're half a mile behind you. This is a patrol!"

THE RED CROSS (continued)



Bougainville Marines crowd around the author's tent for news from U. S. broadcasters and sultry, subtle Tokyo Rose



While Marines were still bucking the Shuri line on Okinawa, this truckload of nurses and Red Cross women was landed

but Red Cross still provides the staff and supervises the programs. No similar agreement has yet been completed with naval authorities. Hence the clubs in the First Division area of China are still full-fledged Red Cross clubs. Most famous is the Embassy Club in Peiping — formerly the Italian embassy. From it originate tours to temples and palaces thousands of years old.

Practically all Red Cross installations in the Pacific are located on military or naval posts. At these no charge was ever made for food. At some large off-post recreation centers such as those formerly located in Auckland, Wellington, Melbourne, Sydney and Noumea, an undercost charge was made for sandwiches and meals at the direction of the War Department. This volume, however, doesn't begin to equal the enormous amount of free snacks and soft drinks dispensed at scores of on-post clubs, and by field directors throughout the Pacific island network.

Naturally, Marines didn't see Red Cross women in the forward areas during combat operations. But

they saw them upon returning to base. Men who fought at Guadalcanal and New Britain knew the Red Cross clubs in the Russells. On Guam the "Marvin House" was built in memory of a great Third Division hero. Major General Lemuel C. Shepard's Fighting Sixth found similar establishments on Guam following its triumphal return from Okinawa. And men of the Fourth and Fifth divisions remember the wonderful Hawaiian welcome following the hell that was Iwo.

Marine Combat Correspondent Bob Cooke's description of the Fourth's return to Maui speaks for itself. In part, he wrote:

"For once it was the Marines who were taken by surprise. They looked and laughed, and looked again at the flag-draped roadway, the cheering dark faces, the 'Welcome Home' signs. They stared at the attractive Red Cross girls at the club practically all day, to supervise recreation, to talk to, or just look at."

These Red Cross girls — first white women many a Marine saw in two or more years — brought a real

touch of home to every Pacific Club. Daily attendance swelled into the hundreds and thousands. Many a girl worked 10 to 15 hours a day. Their contribution to the morale of Uncle Sam's fighting men can never receive the full credit it so justly deserves.

Quentin Reynolds once wrote that the three greatest discoveries to come out of the war were the jeep, Ernie Pyle and the Red Cross girl. And he wasn't far wrong. Yet today one hears accusations that Red Cross girls were "brass happy" because they went out on dates with officers.

There are lots of different answers that could be made to such a statement. Most important is the fact that all Red Cross personnel — male or female — were given simulated rank as officers by Army and Navy authorities and were expected to conduct themselves accordingly. In all hospitals Red Cross girls had to comply with regulations established for nurses. Commanding officers at various Pacific bases issued similar restrictions.

But even if the girls were allowed to go out with enlisted men — and many a Red Cross girl married



**With the return of peace, the Red Cross is
continuing its overseas club program,
its liaison between servicemen and families**

A Red Cross girl and a Marine pose on the Embassy club lawn in Peiping

a GI — one mustn't forget that there was one for every 15,000 men. There was the age angle. The majority of enlisted men were under 25. Red Cross workers were all over 25. Admittedly there were some who were brass happy. That was inevitable. But the majority were keenly aware of the actual responsibility they had for making Red Cross hospital service, club and recreation services and emergency communications with home, available to the enlisted men. And one thing is certain: it was GI Joe who got 99 per cent of the Red Cross worker's time.

During the war, Red Cross shipped over 27,000,000 packages of food, clothing and medical supplies for distribution to American prisoners of war. Total value was placed at \$168,000,000. These supplies spelled the difference between life and death for many Americans.

Most of the prisoner of war packages went to Europe because Germany was much more co-operative than Japan in permitting distribution. Nevertheless, many Americans in Japanese prison camps in the Philippines, Japan and China say they probably wouldn't be alive had it not been for Red Cross parcels.

Marine Warrant Officer Anthony Polousky, who was captured when Wake fell, wrote, following his liberation:

"I never dreamed the day would come when disaster would happen, not only to the other guy, but to me too, and that I would owe to the Red Cross something I can never quite repay. It all started on December 23, 1941. That was the day the United States lost a little piece of territory to the Japs. I was on it at the time. The little strip of land was Wake Island, not much of a place to look at, but we Marines of the First Defense Battalion were a little reluctant about giving it up.

"The Japs decided to let us live and hauled most of us to Shanghai. After a few months of prison life, we began wondering if they had done us a favor after all, letting us live. No one can imagine the misery of constant hunger unless it has actually been experienced. And to increase that misery we had to do hard manual labor. It wasn't long before we began to see the symptoms of malnutritional diseases around the camp and then, finally, the empty places in the ranks.



The Embassy club, run by the Red Cross, has a variety of recreational facilities



This lounge, complete with chow and girl companions, is part of the Embassy club

"But one day there occurred an event that none of us will ever forget. We were each issued a Red Cross food parcel. I can remember every item in that parcel: canned meat, sardines, butter, coffee, powdered milk, sugar, dried fruit, dehydrated soup, biscuits, chocolate, salt, chewing gum, cigarettes and also some much needed soap. The foods were the kind that Americans eat every day as a matter of course, but to us it was manna from Heaven, delicacies fit for kings. As long as it lasted, I used to look in the box several times a day, just for the novel pleasure of drooling.

"Naturally, the box couldn't last forever, and the day came when we had to go back to seaweed stew and barley, but at least the nutritive value of our Red Cross food had postponed for awhile the horror of beriberi.

"During my stay at Shanghai from January, 1942, until August, 1943, we received five Red Cross food parcels. In addition, we got some desperately needed clothing, shoes, vitamins, extra dehydrated foods and medical supplies, all from the Red Cross.

"I was transferred to Osaka where conditions were even worse. From August, 1943, until May, 1945, we received three of the food parcels but we knew that the Japs had confiscated a large portion of our food supplies.

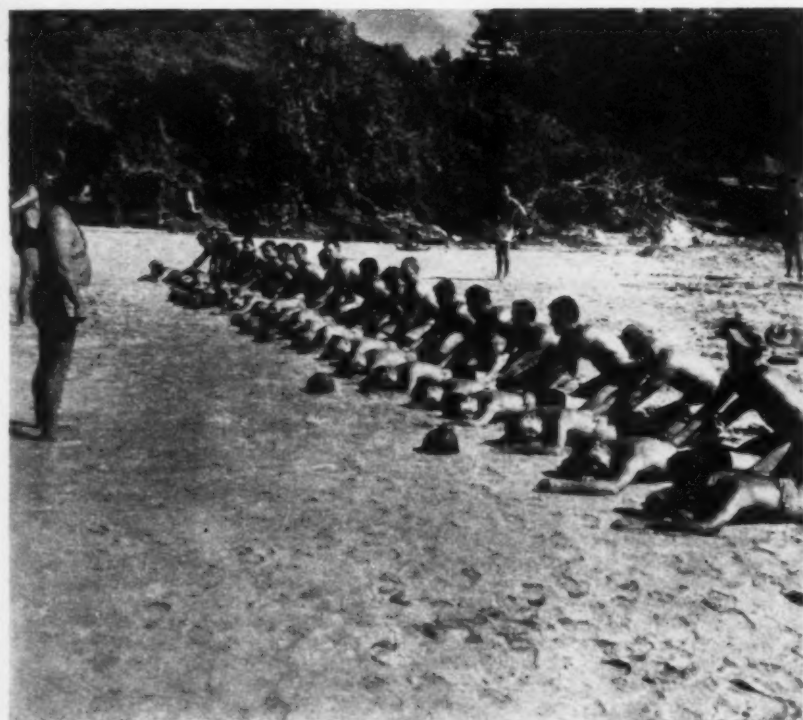
"By the time the war ended, everyone of us suffered from malnutrition in one form or another. Some of the men were all puffed up from beriberi, others had gone blind and then there were the tragic many who never lived to come home at all.

"I know of instances where a food parcel was the deciding factor between life and death in cases of men who were hospitalized. The food gave them the strength to recover.

"I still ask myself, what if there were no Red Cross food parcels at all? Or, for that matter, no Red Cross? Would I have survived those three years and eight months on seaweed stew and barley alone?

"I'm just a guy that a disaster happened to. Out of a clear blue sky. They tell me it's all in a day's work for the Red Cross to give the kind of help I got out there in enemy territory. But there's one thing that bothers me. How do you repay a life?"

END



A Red Cross water safety representative on Okinawa trains a group of Marines to carry on the work as instructors



Field directors often were assigned to bring messages from home to the battlefield. Here an two Marine receives the news



Shortly before he was presented with a third star and retired, Major General Julian C. Smith posed for this picture with Major General Franklin A. Hart and his staff at Parris Island

Tarawa Leader Retires

During an impressive ceremony held recently at Parris Island, S. C., one of the most colorful officers in the Marine Corps, Major General Julian C. Smith, of Elkton, Md., who commanded the Second Marine Division at Tarawa, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general, and retired.

The commanding general of Recruit Depot, Major General Franklin A. Hart, presented the third star to Gen. Smith, and immediately following the ceremony the retiring Marine reviewed his last parade in the role of an active officer.

At the age of 61, Gen. Smith's 38 years in the Corps made him one of the four Marines holding the highest seniority. He holds many decorations including the Navy Cross for Nicaragua, Distinguished Service Medal for Tarawa, a gold star in lieu of a second DSM for Palau, the Nicaraguan Medal of Distinction, the Dominican Republic Order of Military Merit, first class, and the British Distinguished Service Order.

Peggy the Pup

When John Quinn of Brooklyn, joined the Marines he left his pet, Peggy, at home in the care of his folks. He'd reared the dog from puppyhood and he wanted her well taken care of until his return. But he never came home.

Peggy became one of the family, almost taking the place of her absent master. Then, shortly after the Okinawa campaign, word of John Quinn's death reached his home. Peggy remained as the last link between the family and John.

Not long ago the dog strayed from home without a leash, and was picked up and taken to the pound. According to the law in Brooklyn all strays must be destroyed, but the family pleaded for a special reprieve. They hoped that, because of the circumstances, their pet would be released. But it seemed to be in vain. The pound people said they could do nothing.

Then a kindly Brooklyn judge heard of the case. He ordered the dog released. Now Peggy is back, this time on a leash.

Message by "Ham"

First Lieutenant Manning T. Jeter, of Union, S. C., sat in his BOQ room at Headquarters, First Marine Aircraft Wing, in Tientsin, doodling with the tiny 18-watt radio he'd built with assorted junk parts. It had taken a long time to make the unique set, and he'd spent many pleasant hours using it, since he'd been licensed as station XUIYA by the U. S. Federal Communications Commission, and the Chinese Government.

However, that night Jeter's nerves were on edge. He knew that his wife, home in Union, was having a baby, and as yet he'd heard no news of the event. The radio helped take his mind off his troubles, and he swung the receiver about, picking up various local "Ham" stations.

Suddenly he broke into a call from an amateur on Okinawa, an Army man named Don, who was operating a more powerful set. Just as the Lieutenant picked him up, Don was making contact with another ham in Cleveland, Ohio. Jeter got an idea.

Although he couldn't hear the Cleveland operator, he broke into the conversation and talked on the Okinawan's wave length. He asked Don to have the Cleveland man make a phone call to South Carolina, and relay the news of his paternity through Okinawa to Tientsin. After they'd heard the story, the others agreed, and Jeter sat in his room, chewing his nails, awaiting the word on fatherhood.

By this time Jeter's buddies had heard of the proceedings and the little room was filled with fliers, smoke, and some lively good humor. Some were veterans of similar experience, and others, like Jeter, were boots in the business, but all were anxious for the news to arrive. Finally the message from Okinawa crackled over the ether.

"Jeter's mother-in-law says his wife and baby doing fine—it's a boy, weighs eight pounds, 11 ounces—looks like his father."

A mild riot broke loose at the BOQ in Tientsin, and congratulations flew thick and fast. Jeter lost no time breaking out several boxes of cigars he'd been saving for the occasion, but when reached for comment, all he could say was:

"Whew, I'm sure glad that's over."

WE— the Marines

by PFC Paul W. Hicks, Jr.

Armistice Letter

On Armistice Day the nation paused in its work to remember the dead of two wars, observing a custom that dates back to the end of the first world conflict. In New York, at a banquet given for the United Nations General Assembly, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes read a letter. Mr. Molotov of Russia, Mr. Bevin of Britain, and hundreds of their fellow statesmen listened. It was from the mother of a Marine who died in World War II.

Mrs. Stanley Schnelle, of Olivia, Minn., the writer, told of her son, Pvt. Gordon Schnelle's efforts to join the Marines, and his early experiences with the Raiders of the Fourth Marine Regiment. He fought at Bougainville, Guam and the Gilberts, and then met his death in the Okinawa campaign.

"It was a staggering blow to me," she wrote, "especially when the troop trains started bringing them back. You see, the main division of the Milwaukee road goes by our yard."

"I often wondered what heaven looked like with those tired, weary boys coming in. But I think of what they died for. I think of the work left to be done. Now it's up to us—their work is over."

Mrs. Schnelle said she prayed to God to guide Byrnes in his work for the little people of the world, "people who have taken too much—wondered too long."

The gentlemen listened as Mr. Byrnes read the letter, and applauded politely at its conclusion. Shortly afterward Mrs. Schnelle was informed that her letter had been read to the statesmen.

"I'm just a common woman," she said, "I don't want a lot of fuss about my letter. I meant it as a possible help to peace. All this publicity thrills me, of course, but I would like it better if we really had a peaceful world, with everybody comfortable and fed."

The letter was read because Mr. Byrnes felt it appropriate that a mother's plea should be heard in international councils.

"The greatness of America rests with such mothers, who pray for not only her own boy, but for all the boys," he said.

Hep Cat in the Corps

With his two-year enlistment almost completed, Marine Corporal Leroy Wilson, of Cherry Point is stocking up on some sharp civilian garb. After the wearing of "civvies" on liberty was authorized, an alert Cherry Point *Windsack* reporter spotted Wilson leaving the gate in his civilian ensemble. During a subsequent interview the Marine made the following revelation:

"Ah enlisted for two years because ah wanted to wait until they got some 'hot' root suits. Man! when ah get into the world outside ah'm gonna be a sharp character, and stay hard all the time. Just to show that ah'm gonna stay hard while ah'm in the Corps, here's what ah'm gonna wear on liberty."

A really sharp shadow stripe suit, with pants 14 x 38, and a drape coat. A classic tie on a white shirt with a 4½ roll collar. That tie'll have a windsor knot that is really "taut." Tan shoes with white socks, a camel's hair top coat with wide shoulders, a narrow waist, and a one-button roll. A light tan hat with a wide brim that is "reet, man!"

"Ah'm not a dead pan, ah'm a 'gait', really on the solid side."

So spoke one of the more somber members of the Marine Corps on the current clothing situation.

Rugged Rescue

Corporal Henry Rovillard of Atlantic City, N. J., a veteran of Okinawa, Saipan and the Marshalls, was driving over the bridge between his home town and the Jersey mainland. At two in the morning there was little traffic, and as he pulled his coat closer around him, he briefly planned the remainder of his terminal leave and his civilian future. An icy wind, beating in from the Atlantic Ocean, buffeted his car and he shivered as a draft penetrated a crack in the door window.

Suddenly the car ahead began to weave crazily. Out of control, it swerved through the guard rail on the low bridge, and plunged into seven feet of water in Barnegat Bay. Rovillard jammed on his brakes and pulled up beside the gap in the fence. He leaped from the car and peered into the black, choppy water. Just visible was the rear bumper of the other vehicle, protruding from the water's surface.

He peeled off his coat and plunged into the water. By this time several other cars had stopped, and horrified spectators watched as he disappeared below the surface. Someone telephoned for the Atlantic City and near by Pleasantville, N. J., police, and then the rapidly growing crowd waited breathlessly for the Marine to reappear.

Finally he surfaced, and clutched firmly in his arms was a woman, one of the passengers in the submerged car. He propped her on the protruding rear bumper and dived again. Passersby took the woman from her perch and Rovillard came up with the second victim.

Several hours later Corporal Rovillard was discharged from the hospital, warm, and fully recovered from the harrowing experience. He had been assured that the two he had saved would recover.

Civilians' Nemesis

In Seattle, Washington, an unreconverted sailor recently went on the rampage, and managed to scare a good many of the West Coast folk. Thomas Washington, on leave from the Navy, climbed to the roof of a five-story downtown hotel, and perching there, began tugging at the chimney.



"Butch" Oxford, son of ex-Marine Sergeant E. Oxford, wears dad's uniform, cut down

Curious passersby on the sidewalk paused to watch, but then quickly scattered when the object of the strange tugging became apparent. Bricks, ripped from the chimney, rained down but missed the hapless onlookers below.

After 30 minutes of brick throwing, the sailor finally exhausted his ammunition, and himself, and was hauled into the local cooler. There he explained to angry police:

"Aw, I hate civilians."

Mess Production

At the general mess of the First Signal Company, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in Tientsin, a new system of mass production recently eliminated a serious chow problem which arose last summer when the last of the Reserves left China for the States.

At that time mess sergeant Charles Rodelat found himself without messmen and with no promise of relief in the future. The 150 men of First Signal Company had to be fed, so the veteran mess sergeant came up with the \$64 answer — in the form of a "serve yourself" chow line.

The new method allows the men to go along the line and take whatever they want, and as much as they want. Although the supply of pies ran low the first few days, the general result has been one of saving rather than waste. A 20 per cent reduction in garbage disposal, and increased satisfaction among the men, has been noted.

Sergeant Rodelat summed it up: "They put it where they want it, and have no reasons to complain."

Poncho Plush

On Manhattan's elegant Riverside Drive at 103rd Street, there is a magnificent building known as the Master Studios. Its top floors are composed of swank apartments and below them are some artists' studios and rehearsal halls for smart drama groups. The first floor contains an exclusive little theater.

Of an evening, the small playhouse is patronized by fashionable men in evening clothes and glamorous women swathed in chic Fifth Avenue creations, dripping mink and sable. Between the acts, the lobby banter is a light repartee of clever metropolitan witticisms and gossip picked up during the afternoon round of the cocktail lounges.

But when the signal for the next act curtain is heard, the sophisticates leave the foyer and sweep majestically down the heavily carpeted aisles to take their seats. But the seats aren't plush. They are covered with those old beat-up camouflaged Marine ponchos that were turned in after the war.

TURN PAGE



WE—THE MARINES (cont.) Blood Donors

In answer to the plea of a former Marine, whose son was dying from a rare blood disease, 20 Cherry Point Marines recently flew from their base to the Duke Hospital in Durham, N. C., to donate their blood to the stricken child.

Former Marine Marion L. Hoke of Durham, appealed to the Burlington Chapter of the American Red Cross for blood donations for his son, Marion L. Hoke, Jr. who was at the point of death and in immediate need of blood transfusions. The call was relayed to the Red Cross Director at Cherry Point, and a call was issued for volunteers from among the base personnel. The response was so great that it was difficult to choose the most physically fit. Twenty were chosen and by morning they were flying through thick fog to the Durham airport. From there they were transported to the University Hospital.

Although their 18 pints of blood could not cure the stricken child, the anxious Marines were assured that the contributions had checked the disease and prolonged the boy's life.

Oldtimer Passes On

Last April's *Leatherneck* carried a story about former Marine Edward Zillig, the White King of Kyushu, who at one time had served with Admiral Dewey. Recently a report reached the *Marine Recruiting Notes* in Philadelphia that Zillig had died.

According to the report, the aged former Marine was still residing in his cottage high in the hills of Kyushu, Japan, when he died. Early one morning a Marine occupation battalion received word of his death and immediately sent out a patrol to investigate and recover the body. When they reached the cottage the group found an old Japanese woman and her daughter who had been caring for Zillig for some time. He had died of natural causes.

As a Marine, Zillig served aboard the *USS Olympus* during the Spanish-American war and was one of the 12 men who carried the surrender terms from Adm. Dewey to the Spanish. He was decorated, and received a letter from the admiral, commending him for valor.

He retired from the Corps abroad and settled in Nagasaki, Japan, where he set up a watchmaking trade. When World War II broke out the Japs moved him to a cottage deep in the hills near Sasebo, overlooking the city. This transfer eventually saved his life, for when the atom bomb dropped on Nagasaki he was provided with a bird's eye view of the devastation, but was unaffected himself.

Some time ago Zillig was honored by a review of the troops of the Fifth Division in Japan. They marched by the reviewing stand and smartly saluted the 19th century Marine who stood proudly at attention. That was the old man's last look at the Marine Corps, for shortly afterward he died.

Familiar Spot

The Pepsi-Cola servicemen's center, on 49th Street, between Broadway and 7th Avenue, New York City, has reopened, and added a new twist to its famed hospitality. In the future it will welcome, in addition to members of the armed services, the numerous employees of the United Nations, now situated just outside the city, on the old World's Fair grounds.

Several changes have been made in the interior of the building since it was turned over to the city of New York. Luxurious furniture adorns the magnificent rugs covering the ample floor space. Pepsi-Cola is still "on the house," and hard-to-get tickets may be obtained for some of the top sports events as well as for many of the best shows on Broadway.

A Marine visiting New York for the first time might find it profitable to make the service center his first stop.



All-American Marine

When Marine First Lieutenant Bernie Gallagher of Philadelphia, Pa., was wounded on Okinawa it looked as though his football days were over. Three years before, he'd starred for the University of Pennsylvania, and then enlisted in the Marines. In the old days at Penn, Bernie had been famous not only for his gridiron prowess, but also for his unique off-the-field pastime — landscape painting.

The doctors at the hospital informed him that he could return to painting, but football was definitely out. He refused to accept their dire prediction. Almost from the day he was again able to walk, Gallagher pointed his every effort toward a return to the gridiron. Finally, now back at Penn, he reported to Coach George Munger for early practice at Hershey, Pa., and began working out with the Red and Blue squad.

At first the former Marine's injured leg troubled him, but as time went by he regained his skill at the rugged line play that had been his specialty. The opening game of the '46 season found Gallagher holding down the starting assignment at tackle. In the first five minutes of play he clinched the post for the rest of the season. Munger, Gallagher, and the opposing tackle, each knew that he had made his comeback.

Following the last game of the season, against Cornell, the former Marine was named to the All-East team, and given honorable mention on almost every All-American team in the country. The long road back had led to glory for a guy who didn't know how to quit.

Housing Crusader

Former Marine Combat Correspondent Ralph Weir saw plenty of action while covering Marine operations in the Pacific, and residents of his home town of El Paso, Texas, got a sample of it when he returned.

Shortly after resuming his reportorial duties on the *El Paso Herald-Post*, Weir launched an investigation of the local veterans' housing set up. Like an Okinawa typhoon he tore through the bogged-down housing program, and, in three hard-hitting articles exposed numerous violations of both faith and contract. Not only did Weir expose the set up, but he also listed a number of suggestions that went a long way toward improving the El Paso housing situation.

In recognition, the El Paso Veterans' Council recently passed a resolution commending Weir and the *Herald-Post* for cleaning up the "racket."

Safety Kids

Ex-Marines now handle many kinds of jobs, from short-order cooks to bank executives. But one, 28-year-old Frank Palmer, of Arlington, Va., recently landed the strangest of all. His job is child psychology.

Three years ago Palmer studied the course at George Washington University, but then enlisted in the Marine Corps. After his discharge he joined the police force at Arlington, and capitalized on his unique knowledge. He uses psychology to teach the youngsters traffic safety.

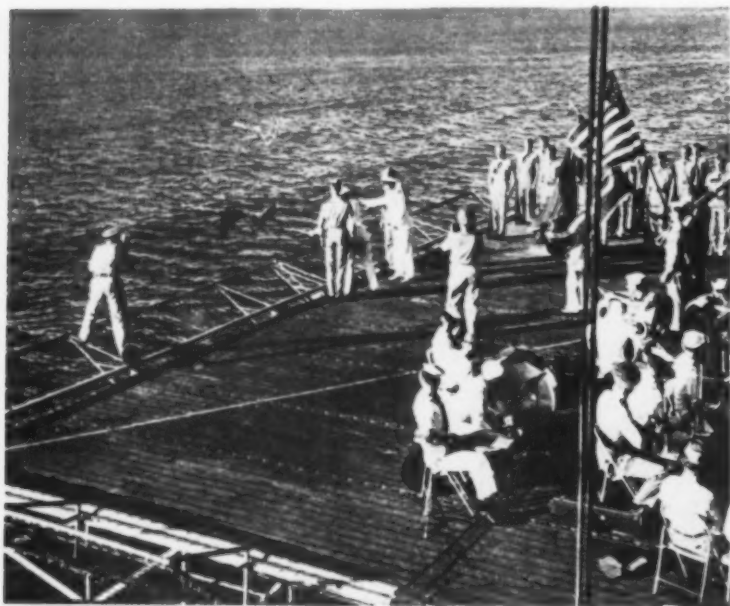
Ex-Marine Palmer talks to the kids in their own language, shows them his shiny motorcycle to arouse interest, and then goes on from there. He instructs them in traffic regulations, respect for the law, and the necessity for careful driving on the part of their parents. The latter is very important. The children impress their parents with their new knowledge, and thus put his program over twofold. The children believe they know more about safety rules than their parents. Then the older folks will feel they must learn the rules, and keep them — in self defense.

Gloucester Memorial

The Cape Ann Detachment, Marine Corps League, recently held a military ball in the State Armory at Gloucester, Mass., and during the evening presented to that city a memorial to five Marines from Gloucester who died in World War II. The memorial was a painting of the five men by the Boston artist, Marguerite S. Pearson.

Impressive ceremonies preceded the presentation, Marine and Navy and high school bands participating. Accepting the memorial on behalf of the city, Mayor Weston U. Friend summed up his remarks:

"May it be an inspiration to the generations yet unborn to see that the ideals for which they died have not been in vain," he said. **END**



The third anniversary of Tarawa was observed in Guam's Apra harbor with ceremonies aboard the carrier named for the atoll



Leaving the hospital after his broken leg healed, Private W. O. Pett slipped, broke it again, and spent Xmas in the horizontal

BOOTS BY BOOTH



Well, ya don't hafta git nasty about it!



I don't care if you are from Missouri — you can't keep her!



Go look at Shultz's record book and see if he's had any previous military training



This'll be worth a stripe, Fenroy, if you keep your mouth shut!



What are ya, MAN or MOUSE?

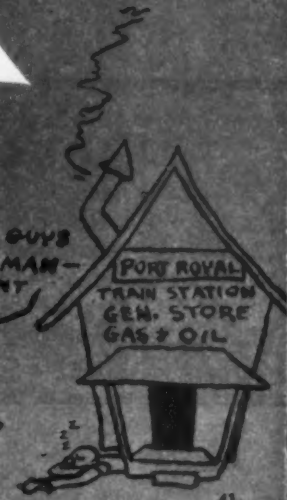


I don't know sir — I'm only a boot!

SORRY JACK, ONLY TWO IN DA FRONT SEAT!



ALL RIGHT YOUSE GUYS DIS AINT NO PULLMAN — MOVE TO DA FRONT OF DAT TRUCK!



Geo. Booth

CONTEST WINNERS



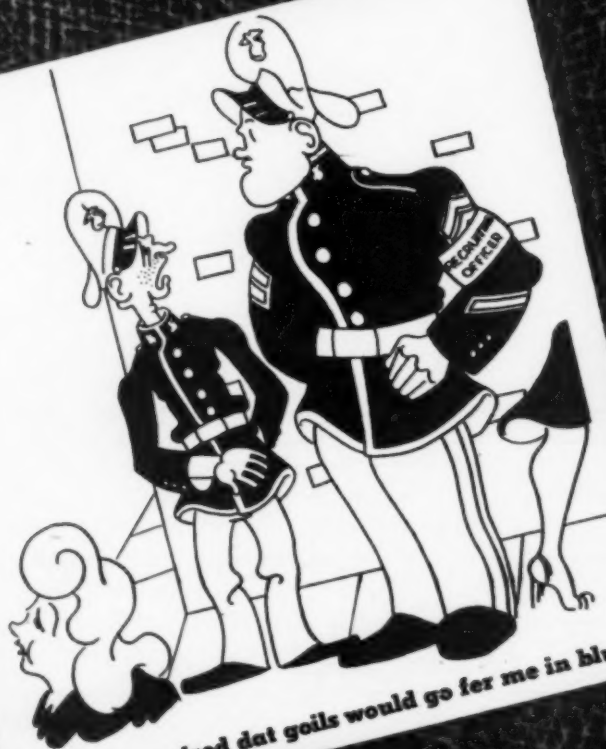
"Living dangerously, eh Carstairs?"



"No! No! Carstairs. Just say, 'halt who's there!'"



"Oh him! He's always blowing his top"



"But ya promised dat goils would go fer me in blues!"

Robert F. Fleischauer, whose entries won first place in the cartoon class of the *Leatherneck* contest this month, saw action with the Fourth Division at Roi-Namour, Saipan and Tinian. He was wounded at Saipan, discharged in November, 1945, and is now a student at the Hartford Art School in Hartford, Connecticut.

THE MARINE AND THE CO-ED

I AM Donovan, the ex-Marine. I would say vet, but a vet is not like an ex-Marine. After three years in the Corps I have picked up a certain bit of Marine philosophy despite all I can do not to — if I make myself clear. Anyhow, I am enrolled in this school for the furthering of my education, which I don't need, being as I know all I need to know, except how to make a living, but the sixty-five dollars a month is very satisfactory, although not as much as I got when in the Corps.

Just like I been telling you, I enroll in this school when the first thing that meets my orbs is a beauteous hunk of flesh they call a coed around here. I decide maybe my time won't be wasted after all, because it seems this doll who is called Lucille by my fellow stooges, has got an old man who owns the local bank. Here I think is a soft berth for old Donovan and proceed to establish a beach-head. My forward elements never get ashore because she repels me with more artillery than the Japs used on Sugar Loaf Hill.

Stragedy being the best part of valor, this I learn from my battalion commander who was a lieutenant colonel and used to ask my advice before making any move, I draw back to study the objective with a little more care.

The reason he asked my advice was because I was his jeep driver and also drove for the major who was a genius on military stragedy, and it seems that the major wasn't on cordial terms with the colonel or vice versa. Anyhow when I talked to the major, the colonel always wanted to know what we were shooting the bull about. Sometimes I told him, but more often I used to tell him about my old girl friends back in Syracuse. We got on very good terms that way and I gave him a lot of my addresses when I left, for which he gave me several points on my discharge papers, but that isn't important now.

Anyway, when this Lucille doll tells me where to head in I'm not long in getting the point. After all, I think she is a respectable girl and all my experience has been with broads not so respectable. I am thinking this over very serious like when along comes this little guy with an arm full of books. He looks smart to me and probably knows more about these skirts than me, so I proceed to corner him.

"Look Mac," I says, grabbing his collar so he don't squirm away. "Who is this doll Lucille and how do I go about getting chummy with a frail like her?"

This little freshman don't want to talk but I worm it out of him. The boy tells me about her old man who owns a bank and that the old duck's a little queer. I think he said eccentric. I had him look it up and it means off the noodle, soft-soaped some. It seems this babe is a blonde, my favorite type. I like red heads too and brunettes are my specialty, but blondes are tops on my hit parade right now. Anyway she has a brother who is on the football team and

The winning story in the *Leatherneck* contest this month is by Robert L. Luby of Saugus, California. He was with the invasion forces on Okinawa and later was with occupational troops in Japan. In February, 1946, after 21 months of overseas duty, he was discharged from Camp Pendleton.

who does not like her to go around with jerks from this hick school. This makes me mad but after seeing her brother who is a vet from the Army and about 6 and a half feet tall, I think the matter over and decide it isn't worth arguing about.

At this point I decided to use stragedy and ask the little feather merchant who I still have cornered what's the best method



to approach this chick and her old man.

"Can you cook?" he asks me. I think he is trying to make a dope out of me and get set to sock him but I guess he sees it coming and explains himself quick like.

"My dear fellow," this little squirt says, "Mr. Lashmania," which it seems is the old man's name, "is an epicure. Now if you are something of a culinary expert I do believe you might earn his undying gratitude by offering your services to that esteemed gentleman in the capacity of a chef. His cook who is getting tired of living in this town has gone on a strike and refuses to work. Mr. Lashmania is desperate, maybe if you could ease the tension and substitute for the chef until he has settled his difficulties he would see in you a most sterling character."

I let the little guy go and sit down to think the matter over. Every Marine can cook, but maybe he wouldn't like beans for a steady diet. Finally, I decide that there must be an easier way, because my cooking won't make much of an impression on Mr. Lashmania, or anyone else. I decide to let matters ride until I map the situation out.

As I walk around on the campus the next couple days I notice that there seems to be all sorts of dolls on the place but none of them come near matching Lucille for looks. It seems she has brains too. Every prof learns her name even before he learns mine — the great Donovan. It appears I, and a few others like I, are in a special class. We didn't finish high school but got admitted to the college on general principles and have got to make up some courses to get on a bonified status.

Anyhow I have one class with her called pychology, which just seems a lot of common sense to me and I don't even read the book they gave me, even if it did cost the government three-fifty. If they want to waste money up there in Washington it is none of my business, anyhow the stuff is too easy and I am always arguing with the teacher, who is a jerk and has got a one track mind. One day after I have spent an hour explaining to this prof just why retreat is not an end result of fear, Lucille comes up to me and says real pert like, "You know, Donovan, all indications appearing to the contrary, I do believe you have a few brains hidden somewhere in that egotistical head of yours."

I look at her, "Ya know, I wish you'd tell that to the dean. I keep telling the old duck that, but he just doesn't seem to believe it."

She just laughs and walks away but this is the first cracking of the ice and I talk to her often after that. I guess her brother notices because one day while I stand on the side line, watching the football team scrimmage and giving the coach a few pointers, he walks up to me and tells me to lay off. I am not in a particular fighting mood but I am prepared to take him on only the coach won't let us.

CONTEST WINNERS (cont. from page 43)

He says to wait until after the season is over because he don't want young Lashmania to take any chances. I am agreed and I guess so is Lashmania but he still don't want me escorting Lucille around. "Look," I says, "just what you got against a guy like me, anyhow?"

"Well," he says, real serious like, "nothing personal but the old man has promised me a car if I keep Lucille free and single for the year. He don't want her to marry anyone and have to support the boy yet. I figure the best way to keep her single is to keep guys like you away from her. No hard feelings I hope."

This is a new angle and I can see Lashmania's point of view. So I shake hands with him and go sit down to think the matter over. I think better sitting down, gives me feet a chance to rest someway.

The way I see the situation now, young Lashmania keeps guys from around Lucille's neck, then his old man gives him a car. Lucille and I get along fine now so that leaves only old Lashmania to contend with. I am told that the way to his heart is through his stomach but I can not cook. Okay, so he has a cook who is on strike but who can probably cook if he wants to. The only thing left for me to do is to make the cook want to. I decide I'd better go have a heart-to-heart talk with the guy and hope he isn't over 200 pounds, that's about all I feel like handling.

I see Lucille the next hour and tell her to invite me over sometime when the old man isn't there. I haven't met her father yet and don't want to 'til I get a clear course of action. Okay she says, missing the point entirely, but she is eating out of my hand by now and things would be hunky dory if it wasn't for her dad.

That same night as I am passing by her house on my way to the shack, they tell me is an apartment, I am living in, she comes to the front door and beckons for me to come in. The place is some palace. I have seen many fancy hotels when I was in Japan but that don't compare to this joint.

Lucille comes up to me and says kind of soft and dreamy, "What was it you wanted to see me about Donovan?"

I don't think for a moment and blurt out that it isn't her I want to see but her cook. I guess this is the wrong thing to say because she blows her top. I think that after spending three years in the Marine Corps that I know every thing there is in the book to call a man but she teaches me a few new ones. I just stand there with my mouth open until she calms down a little. Only she don't calm down, finally in self de-

fense I put my arms about her until she quits struggling. Then I explain to her why I want to see the cook. After awhile she sees my point and I kiss her just as the old man walks in, with his 6-foot son.

I think Jr. is a big man but he don't compare to his dad, who is about the biggest guy I have ever seen and has a paunch on him that would do credit to any gunny sergeant.

"Who is this man," he growls, pointing a big ham of a mitt at me. I look around hoping there is someone behind me he means, but there isn't. Lucille starts to explain but her dad don't let her half finish. He turns to Jr. "I thought I told you," he roars, still in his threatening voice. Sonny gives me a dirty look and I think I better do something, but fast.

"Look herf, Mr. Lashmania," I says, taking him by surprise, because he stops shouting and looks at me, "I am here because I hear you have domestic troubles and that it makes you very unhappy. I don't like to see a man as important to the community as yourself unhappy so it come to me that I should do something about it." As I say all this I am glad I finally get around to cracking my psychology book because I am trying out some of its rules. "The only thing I can think to do about it," I says, "is to reconcile your cook. Maybe if you will show me to him I can do it."

Mr. Lashmania calms down after that but I can still see he don't like me getting chummy with his daughter. "Just how do you propose to do that?" he inquires in a tone I judge to be sarcastic. "Well any way here's Takshemomo now, lets see you prove your point."

Takshemomo? What that's Jap I think and spin quickly around. Sure enough it is a Jap. Without thinking I bark out with "Konnichi wa, Takshemomo, do des Ka?" This is Japanese which I have picked up a few phrases of while in Japan. The Jap looks about as surprised as any man can look and explodes with a lot of Jap lingo. I didn't get the drift of most of it, but I gather that he is lonely for Japan and someone to talk to that isn't interested in food all the time.

I guess every one else is as surprised as he is because they all keep still while I break out my best school book Japanese which is a little rusty. Finally we go out in the kitchen while he has me tell me all about Yokosuka where he was born. I was stationed there for four months so we get along fine.

A couple of hours later I get around to explaining the cooking deal to him and he says he will cook if I come around and

talk to him every day. This I agree to do and he gets up a very nice dinner. He sets it on the table and the whole Lashmania family is surprised except Lucille. She says she had faith in me all along. After the old man has finished his eighth or tenth helping and eaten three or four desserts he lets out a satisfied burp and looks at me.

"Well son," he says, "how did you charm Takshemomo out of it?"

I proceed to explain the situation to him and that I have to be around quite a bit to keep the cook happy. This don't set so well with Lashmania but finally when he sees the smile on Lucille's face he nods his head and digs into another dish of rice pudding. It was just like the old Psyc book says, "Hunger is the prime physiological drive." Lucille and me don't need any dessert, we go out on the porch and discuss the next days psychology assignment which has to do with love and marriage.

Incidentally Jr. finally got his car and we knock around together a good bit. Not even the profs give me any trouble now I have the whole Lashmania family on my side. The colonel was right after all, when the fighting gets too rough, just mobilize your reserves and throw everything you've got on the line. Guess I'll have to write him a letter one of these days and let him know about the little woman and me — the great Donovan.

ROBERT L. LUBY



Donovani makes a great discovery:

**The quickest way to a girl's heart is through the
stomach of her rice-happy old man**



One of the principal
reasons for the success of
this national roller skating
show is beautiful Gloria
Nord, dancing star



Beauty ON WHEELS

Snowy fans and pretty chorus girls
feature the finale of the new show



TURN PAGE

45



Time out for the pause that refreshes. Chorus girls down cokes and joe while taking a breather midway through their morning rehearsal



Star Gloria Nord's gamas are very important appurtenances to her, as well as to the paying customers. Here a chorus girl gives them a rub



Gloria smiles as she does a graceful turn around the arena on one skate

NEWEST of the big time shows to make annual tours of the country is the Skating Vanities, a girl-filled roller skating extravaganza. Born of an idea nurtured for several years in the hearts of the show's star, beautiful Gloria Nord, and Showman Harold Steinman, realization came in January, 1942, when the first performance was put on in Los Angeles. It is the only full-scale roller skating show in America.

Following its debut, Skating Vanities only played a few other cities. Then, in 1943, and during the three succeeding years, it blossomed out so that now it annually plays practically every big city in the United States and Canada. Included in its itinerary during 1946 were Boston, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto, San Francisco, New Orleans and Washington, D. C.


One advantage the roller skating show enjoys over the seemingly endless procession of its ice skating counterparts is that it can play in arenas in cities where it is impossible to have ice. The troupe brings along its own large, flat blocks of masonite — the surface on which it performs. In addition to the dozens of attractive girls, the show boasts of a number of clowns.



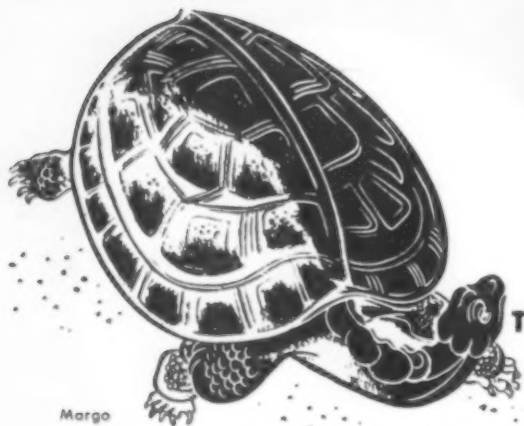
One of the show's most popular acts is "Four of a Kind" featuring Ann Nichols, Larry Fox, Jo Reilly and Jimmie Rush



Shirley Heart twirls a baton while she does a one-arm hand stand



*Martha Vickers is the girl
in the satin. Black, isn't it?*



by Arthur E. Mielke

EVER since the start of World War II Americans have been exposed to a variety of theories on long-distance bombing and its potential threat. The B-29s certainly brought the reality of this home to Japan but even those superforts, tremendous in their day, had to operate from island bases close to their targets. The recent 11,236-mile hop by the Navy's "Truculent Turtle" should leave no doubt in the minds of even the most skeptical that long-range bombing from one continent to another lies no longer in the realm of mere theory. The Turtle flew from Western Australia, which is considerably farther away than Japan, and reached not only our Western Coast but traveled as far east as Ohio.

The flight of The Turtle was a realistic demonstration. The new distance record holder is only a two-engine job and was not designed for long-range bombing missions such as could be concentrated against this country in another war. Four- and six-motored warplanes of much greater capabilities are in the air and few outside the military know exactly what they are capable of. The Turtle's trip, and the equally momentous but shorter journey of the Army's "Pacusan Dreamboat" over the Great Circle route, are mere reminders of what writers like Major Alexander P. de Seversky have been talking and writing about. In his book "Victory Through Air Power," published in 1942, the outspoken major stated that even then the rapid expansion of the range and striking power of military aviation made it quite obvious that the United States "will be exposed to destruction from the air, within a predictable period, as are the British." There were many who scoffed at the idea.

Apparently that predictable period is here.

The record hop was first conceived at the planning desks of the Navy and the Lockheed Corporation. The P-2V, "Peter-Two-Vector" to the fliers, had progressed as far as the testing stages during the latter part of the war. Aviation strategists could see new horizons for the slick patrol bomber. But the war ended before the Turtles could be put into general service.

With the accent on demobilization, little was done about the small plane with the long range. Then, midway through 1946, the Navy and the

THE TRIP OF THE TURTLE

The world shrinks into one huge bombing target as an ordinary patrol bomber wings 11,236 miles without a stop

manufacturers decided to really test it. After some preliminary hops with excessive loads in California, The Turtle made the trip from Burbank to Perth, its Australian take off point, in four big leaps. Stop-overs were made in Hawaii (Barber's Point), Majuro and Townsville, Australia. It had been stripped of its armament, gun turrets, bomb racks, spare radio, loran and radar equipment. Except for these changes it was a standard patrol plane. There were no modifications in the landing gear, wings or other structural parts.

There followed a six-day check up and four more days of waiting for favorable weather conditions. A picked crew of comparatively high-ranking naval officers impatiently awaited the ticklish business of taking off with an extremely heavy fuel load aboard. It was to be a record load for a two-motored ship—85,500 pounds.

The Turtle's captain and pilot was Commander Thomas P. Davies. Commander Eugene P. Rankin was the engineer and co-pilot; Commander Walter S. Reid the navigator, and Lieutenant Commander Roy H. Tabeling the radio and electronics man.

On the evening of the fourth day of waiting the Turtle was rolled out and warmed up for the take off. This was September 29th. She lumbered down one of the Perth airport's regular runways and lifted heavily into the gathering dusk. Once in the air she handled easily and Commander Davies set his course at east northeast as they moved out over the darkening, down-under continent.

At the start and during the early stages of the flight the Turtle burned between 250 and 270 gallons of gasoline each hour, but as it neared the eastern part of the United States and the end of its journey the load had lightened so much that consumption was down to 80 gallons an hour. The take off supply was 8540 gallons of Australian-made high octane petrol.

Over Australia, Commander Davies kept his charge at from 6000 to 7000 feet, then climbed to 10,000 over Bougainville and to 12,000 in traversing the Marshalls. He went no higher than that, chiefly because of the greatly increased consumption of fuel that would result from a further climb.

In planning and executing the flight an attempt was made to travel under the most normal conditions possible, without either help or hindrance from the elements. In a report on the trip, Commander Reid wrote:

"The plane flew a northeasterly course in the belt from 30 degrees south to 30 degrees north latitude where there could be little hope for helping winds through the strong and persistent southeast and northeast trades. In the New Guinea-Solomons area and through the Equatorial Front typical tropical conditions were encountered while on the last leg of the flight, the turbulence, icing and instrument flight typical of a mid-latitude storm were met. The choice of this route and the acceptance of an 'average' weather situation for take off, furnished a true test of the plane's ability to 'fly the weather' as it might be met in normal fleet operations."

The plane was of standard design. No special runway was used. Except for the non-stop fueling effort, the flight back was conducted in as routine a manner as possible. The take off weather was favorable, but no more care was exercised in this respect than in dispatching an ordinary commercial flight. The flying instruments were ordinary—no special devices were added. How much better a performance can be expected of a plane especially designed for trans-ocean bombings?

The Turtle is slow for a bomber. Her fastest pace

during the 11,000-mile hike was 235 miles an hour. She cruised at 208, covering the distance in 55 hours and 18 minutes.

Conditions for the fliers were tolerable. They ate warm chow with the aid of a hot plate and hot cup. Steak, vegetables and vitamin pills were on the menu. Supplies of benzedrine tablets were not needed.

A bunk, rigged up over one of the wing spars, and an air mattress with sleeping bag, placed on the deck, provided sleeping facilities and each man managed to get from 12 to 20 hours of sleep en route. At the heights they moved in, the weather was, normally, almost freezing. All the plane's heating apparatus had been removed for the trip. During the last night the mercury dipped below freezing.

Probably the most disconcerting experiences were met over the U. S. coast. First, the Turtle ran into an icing belt, shook free of that and immediately contracted a spectacular case of St. Elmo's fire, an atmospheric phenomenon quite frequently encountered by patrol flights during the war. Crewmen of the Pacusan Dreamboat, reportedly became quite alarmed when some of the crackling blue seemed to be trying to get in through the B-29's windows. The soldiers were worried that the gas tanks might blow up.

Next, the portside tachometer, an instrument that registers the number of prop revolutions, stopped working. This the commanders were able to patch up, and once beyond the disturbance belt the sailing became smooth, and continued so right into Columbus. The fliers had planned to try to cross the States and go on to Bermuda, but the fuel supply had diminished too rapidly for that and they had to set down at the Columbus city airport. The gas tanks had not more than 140 gallons of petrol left when the Turtle rolled to a stop. This barely wet their bottoms.

Perth had been selected as the starting point and Bermuda as the terminus because these two spots are nearly opposite each other on two sides of the globe, like two ends of an axis. Both cities have adequate airports and both are in English-ruled, English-speaking countries that have had many cooperative contacts with the U. S. Navy. The easterly course half around the world was selected because it would take the Turtle over normal shipping and flying routes with well developed rescue facilities. In addition, it would take it over land on the major portion of the last leg of the trip. A westerly course would have taken the ship almost entirely over water and along a comparatively little traveled route.

END



The Commanders Reid, Tabeling, Rankin and Davies (seated) talk Turtle to the press



A crowd gathers as The Turtle comes to a stop at the Columbus (Ohio) airport

here's plain tobacco
Horse-Sense

not advertising
Nonsense :

Smoke Old Golds for **Pleasure!**

Gives you a chuckle, doesn't it, all that stuff you read about cigarette claims, laboratory tests, and medical hocus-pocus? You know perfectly well there's just one real reason you smoke—and that's *pleasure*.

And pleasure . . . *deep-down* pleasure . . . is what we offer you in Old Golds. We concentrate every advanced development of science on giving you a cigarette that tastes mighty, mighty good!

If *you* smoke for enjoyment, if extra-quality tobaccos at the peak of flavor mean more than any medical hoop-la . . . smoke Old Golds! They're made to *please* you!



If you want a **TREAT**
instead of a **TREATMENT**
...smoke **Old Golds**

Made by *Lorillard*, a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years

Worms Who Turned



Meet Gruffpan Q. Launcelot. Didn't have a smile in the world. Or a friend. Or a girl. Sad. One day, noticed "pink" on his tooth brush. Right away saw the dentist.

Smart move. Turned out that today's soft foods were robbing the Launcelot gums of exercise. Just another case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Now gaze on Gruffpan's pan. It smiles. It is a success. Girls swoon. Moral? Learn to smile ...and if you can also strike oil in your backyard as Gruffpan did, that'll help, too! Anyway, the sound, bright teeth that make up any attractive

smile depend largely on healthy gums. And Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. So, next time you brush your teeth, gently massage a little extra Ipana on your gums. And get the habit.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Ipana and Massage

SOUND OFF

by Corp. Vernon Langille

THE Commandant of the Marine Corps wishes to express through the *Leatherneck* his appreciation of the Christmas greetings sent him by the many friends of the Marine Corps. Because of the large volume of these messages he is unable to make personal replies to all who sent them, but wishes to thank each of the senders on behalf of himself and of the Corps.

"THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ..."

Sirs:
I was asked by a lady school teacher a few days ago where the saying: "The Marines Have Landed and Have The Situation Well in Hand," originated—and if it has any history connected with it. I am ashamed of myself for not being able to answer her question. Perhaps you can enlighten me on the subject.

Ex-Corp. Loyd E. Chambers
Kyrock, Ky.

• The phrase is attributed to Richard Harding Davis, a famous newspaper correspondent of the last generation. He purportedly made this statement when the Marines landed at Vera Cruz, Mexico in 1914, to protect American interests during a troubled state of affairs between the United States and a revolutionary government headed by the Mexican General Huerta. — Ed.

CAPTAIN OF THE HEAD

Sirs:
I see in practically every issue where someone writes in and asks about something that is supposed to be common knowledge among the Marines. Yet, to some of us poor civilians it is all Greek.

My neighbor's boy (a Marine) recently wrote that he had been promoted to Captain of the Head. Naturally his mother was quite proud. I have never heard of this rate: is it an important one?

A Marine's Neighbor
Fort Worth, Texas.

• We presume you might call the "Captain of the Head" an important person, judging from the attention he gets from the police sergeant. The cleanliness and sanitary condition of the lavatory, (head, to Marines) is due to this man's efforts with a brush, swab and creosote pail. It is a position generally reserved for recalcitrants who miss formation or do not measure up at inspection, etc. — Ed.

ONCE A MARINE, ETC.

Sirs:
In reference to your Vol. XXIX, Number 6, page 5, article entitled "Once a Marine ..." I submit the following: (This was an article in *Sound Off*, a letter from PFC Betty Skinner, USMCWR, to her mother describing the feelings she had at her last parade while in uniform.—Ed.)

"My salute to Betty Skinner, former PFC, USMCWR. She accurately describes my feelings, the lump in my throat and the near tears in my eyes which I had as a private, U. S. Marines, in 1918, as a second lieutenant later in the year, as a first lieutenant in the '20's, as a captain in the '30's, ditto as a major in the '40's and as a lieutenant colonel in the mid-forties."

G. M. Hollett
USMC, Ret'd.

D.I. DEDICATION

Sirs:
This may be of some interest to many of the fellows formerly attached to the old Fourth Division. Many of the Marines of the 25th Regiment have read different western stories written by my brother, Norman O. Fox. His latest book, now on the bookstands, is dedicated to the Fourth Division and myself.

The dedication reads:
"To Sergeant Joe Fox, my brother, and to his outfit, the Fourth Marine Division."

If any of my old buddies wish to contact me I am a Drill Instructor at the (Recruit Depot) Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.

Sgt. Joe Fox
San Diego, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD GUILD & CANTEN

Sirs:
I am enclosing with this a letter which I am anxious to reach over two and a half million boys who have been guests at the Hollywood Guild. Would you publish it at an early date? (Signed Mrs. Abraham Lehr).

(The letter follows)

Dear Sons:

Remember me? I am your second mother and I want you to write to me. I have something to tell you about the Guild. I want to know how you are and what you are doing.

I will answer and tell you what I am doing, and what I want to do.

Your mom —
Mrs. Abraham Lehr
1284 No. Crescent Heights
Blvd.
Hollywood 46, Calif.

HELL'S BELLES INSIGNIA

Sirs:

I would appreciate your placing a notice of some kind in *Leatherneck* asking former members of VMF-311 to get in touch with me — if they have not received their "Hell's Belles" insignia which they ordered and paid for on Okinawa.

H. Gordon Strachan
329 A Third St.,
Laguna Beach, Calif.

COMASHAW, JOE

Sirs:

I was very much interested in the letter from "ex-China Marine" in Sound Off of September *Leatherneck*. He gave his interpretation of the origin of "Haba Haba," which in turn aroused my curiosity on another word which I have come across a countless number of times in China. The word is comashaw.

Chinese beggars in the streets hold out their hands to passing Marines and sailors and utter "comashaw, comashaw." We have come to believe that it was Chinese for give me (or some such meaning), but I have asked several English speaking Chinese what the word meant and they all said the word wasn't Chinese.

Now I am wondering if "ex-China" Marine, or anyone else, would explain the word to me and a few other puzzled Marines.

PFC W. I. Lomeli
Tsingtao, China.

● "No mama, no papa; no whiskey, no soda; no chow-chow; Kamishaw, Joe." This expression should be a familiar one to Marines with China service behind them. The word seemingly has two meanings, begging and what we might call graft—perfectly permissible to the Chinese. It seems that everyone in China gets paid extra for something—Kamishaw. The cook, when he buys food for you at a store, takes 10 per cent of the cost for himself; when you go to see a Chinese girl the family parades through the room—"Kamishaw, mama, Kamishaw, papa; Kamishaw, brother." This goes on until the girl runs out of relatives, or the Marine runs out of money.

However, there should be other and better explanations of the word "Kamishaw." Let's hear them. — Ed.

ENLISTMENTS WIDE OPEN

Sirs:

My hometown recruiting sergeant (Army) tells me that there are no enlistments now open in the U. S. Marine Corps. I would appreciate it if you would verify this statement for me. If enlistment is in any way possible, I would appreciate your sending me the information.

E. T. Phillips, Jr.
Hartford, N. C.

● Properly qualified persons are being accepted by the Marine Corps and there is now no reason to believe that present recruiting policy will change. — Ed.

STARS FOR THE SEVENTH

Sirs:

I would like to get some information concerning the operational stars authorized to be worn by members of the 7th Marines, First Marine Division, who joined the outfit prior to its entry into combat at Guadalcanal and remained with it until the termination of the Okinawa operation.

My record book shows five operational stars on the Asiatic-Pacific ribbon: one for Guadalcanal; one for New Guinea; one for Cape Gloucester; one for Peleliu, and one for Okinawa.

The sergeant major says that I do not rate one for the New Guinea affair, so I will give you all the facts in my possession, hoping that you can shed some light on the subject.

The Seventh arrived at Oro Bay, New Guinea, about the first of October, 1943, and entered a staging area there for the Cape Gloucester, New Britain operations. While in this area, we were subjected to enemy aerial bombardment through most of the training period. We departed from Oro Bay 25 December, 1943, from Cape Gloucester.

I read the authorization for the operational star for our stay in the New Guinea area, but I can't remember whether or not it was a bulletin or what. It came out either prior to our departure from Oro Bay or just at the termination of the Gloucester operation. It may have been issued by the Commander, Seventh Fleet, for the supporting and consolidating of the Eastern New Guinea operation.

First Sgt. Thomas Shepperd
Banana River, Fla.

● You rate the five operational stars, but they stack up a little differently than you have them at present. The sergeant major is right. You do not rate a star for New Guinea. But if you made the original landing and subsequent occupation of the 'Canal, you rate two stars for that operation. The remaining stars on your Asiatic-Pacific ribbon stand as listed. — Ed.

THE CHICKEN SOUNDS OFF

Sirs:

I think it is about time to make some noise—now that I'm old enough. I was 18 on my last birthday. I enlisted in the Marine Corps at the age of 13, joining the old Second Marine Division back in September of '41.

When I got out of boot camp, I went to K Company, 3rd Battalion of the Second as a gunner on a 50 caliber. Later on, after the Sixth came back from Iceland, I joined it as gunner on a 30. We went to New Zealand before hitting Guadalcanal, back to New Zealand and then to Tarawa, a stopover at Hawaii and then to Saipan. That is where I got it. I was overseas two years and stayed in the Corps three years, six months and 21 days, which isn't bad for a kid.

I'm still fighting, however, but this time it's with the leather mittens as a professional boxer. I'm six feet two inches tall and weigh 180 pounds.

Let's see if anyone can top my record as a chicken in the Corps.

Billy Trero
Birmingham, Ala.

TURN PAGE

Pfc. Casanova-



ARE YOU a guy that gals go ga-ga over? Hmmm? No? Could be because of that tousled topknot you're using for hair. Why not get the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" to fit you out with a handsome head of hair.


Like this: take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp. Not only do you prevent dryness, but you rout embarrassing loose dandruff and help retard excessive falling hair.

Next, 10 seconds to comb. Stand back, girls, don't mob the man! Sorry, friend, but with hair as good-looking as yours, they'll do it every time. That's Vitalis for you. Get a bottle at your P.X.—or any drug counter—today.



Product of Bristol-Myers

USE THE VITALIS "60-SECOND WORKOUT"



INTAGLIO

*looks right
at the
fashion points*


Successful-looking men never neglect the collar, tie, cuff and belt zones... as evidenced by the Intaglio Jewelry by NU-LOK seen where smart men gather.

Key Chain	\$2.50
Tie Slide	1.50
Cuff Links	2.50

Subject to Federal tax
Other NU-LOK items from \$1.00 up.

NU-LOK

Mae's Jewelry



PRODUCTS OF FREEMAN DAUGHADAY, PROVIDENCE, S. R.

IT'S AMORIZED...THE BEAUTY'S LOCKED IN

SOUND OFF (cont)

MORE ON HABA HABA

Sirs:

Many an old China hand must have cringed at "ex-China Marine's" association of haba haba with one of the few Chinese phrases the Occidental ever masters. (This was a letter in September Sound Off from an ex-China Marine explaining what he believed to be the original meaning of the phrase haba haba, and then remarked that the bobby soxers had corrupted it to haba haba.—Ed.)

There is no interrogative form as such in the Chinese language; one merely states both sides of a case and the listener takes his choice. For instance, to inquire "How are you?" it is proper to add "good, not good." In the Mandarin dialect this comes out sounding something like a guttural "hoo boo how."

I doubt seriously that haba haba could be a corruption of haba haba. To me it suggests an Afro-Cuban origin based on the Spanish "habla" (to speak) since the phrase is a part of a swing jargon practiced by so-called hot musicians. Much of their mumbo-jumbo comes from the dusky side of the Caribbean.

Commander R. M. Pitts USN
Caracas, Venezuela



GIVE AMTRACKS A BREAK

Sirs:

Allow me to give my wholehearted support to Mr. E. L. Bailey, who's letter appeared in the October edition of *Leatherneck*. (This refers to a letter written by E. L. Bailey regarding a little publicity about the Amtracks. — Ed.)

In my short time in the Corps, I, too, have noticed that the Amtracks have been given a complete cold shoulder by the *Leatherneck*—with the exception of a very short story which appeared many months ago.

Although the airdales and the infantry (who richly deserve it) never fail to get a big write-up, the poor old Amtracks never get a mention.

My outfit (the 8th ATB) was a boot outfit, participating in the Peleliu and Okinawa shows, and perhaps don't deserve the publicity due to the older outfits such as Bailey's Second—but I don't think they would refuse it!

Burl A. Glover
Hamilton, Ohio

GRADUATION RING FOUND

Sirs:

In the Spring of 1943 I found a graduation ring at Parris Island. The initials on the inside of the ring are "GIFF" and the date is 1942. The owner may recover this ring by stating the school it represents.

John A. McCarthy
406 N. Jay Street
Rome, N. Y.

MARINES ON USS TARAWA

Sirs:

After reading the comments and gripes appearing in the "Sound Off" column for some time, I am surprised there are not more said about the promotion system used in the Corps. Here's hoping we don't have to go back to the old system of waiting years for a crack at advancement, which was particularly so in a line company.

We have several men in the Marine Detachment, *USS Tarawa* (CV 40), who are still privates with clean records and over a year's service; yet, there is not an apprentice seaman (an equivalent rank to private) on board.

I passed the examination for gunnery sergeant in June, 1943 and am still waiting for the rate. On the other hand, second class petty officers come a dime a dozen on this ship. The average has about three years time in the Navy and they make their rates as soon as they pass the exams.

Harry E. Petterson
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

● *The Marine Corps now has a new system of promotions. It is one that should prove more equitable in passing out any available rates. A complete article on the rating system appeared in the December Leatherneck.*—Ed.

STILL ANOTHER "SHORTY"

Sirs:

We have just finished the October issue and happened to read in Sound Off about the shortest man in the Marine Corps. Now, we believe that Private Robert D. Hester, just out of Boot Camp, can rightfully claim that title. He is four feet, 10 inches tall—with his shoes on.

How about a little recognition for the shortest Marine we have seen since we have been in the Corps?

Pvt. Richard M. Larson
and several others
San Diego, Calif.



REMEMBERING JAPANESE BASEBALL

Sirs:

Recently I got together with an old buddy with whom I did duty in Quantico, back in 1926-27. It was the first time we had seen each other in almost 15 years. Naturally we began discussing things that had happened at the Marine Barracks in Quantico during our time there. During the conversation, a baseball game between a Japanese team and the Marines was recalled and a little argument resulted. Is there any way you can get us the score of that game. Both agree that the Marines won, but not as to the score.

Anthony Rizzo
Brooklyn, N. Y.

• The game you refer to was played at Quantico in 1927 between Marines and students of Waseda University in Tokyo, Japan. The Marines won by a score of 9-6. That was the year of the great Quantico baseball team that won 18 out of 20 games. They defeated such college teams as Dartmouth, Temple U, Wake Forest, VMI, West Virginia U, etc. — Ed.

CAPTAIN JIMMIE BONES

Sirs:

The other night I was digging through an old pile of magazines and I ran into an old 1942 *Leatherneck*. November issue to be exact. Thumbing through it I came across an epic ballad called "Captain Jimmie Bones and His Devil Dog Marines." Part of the poem was missing and I would like to have a complete copy. Do you plan to print this poem again at any time in the future? I am sure that many of the other, and younger, Marines would like to see it.

A Marine

Aberdeen, S. C.

• *Leatherneck ran this poem in the January issue.* — Ed.

LOOK! THE BOONDOCKERS

Sirs:

I am still "Corps Happy" and I suppose I always will be. But even so, bear with me, while I gripe a bit.

Upon looking through the October issue of my favorite magazine — *Leatherneck* — I see quite an interesting feature on the Minneapolis Aquatennial, adorned with pictures of the dear ole Corps. And there... I in the lower corner — a picture of WRs on parade in summer dress whites.

THAT DID IT! That is the most un-GI group of WRs I have ever seen. Please note their shoes. Maybe the WR officers at the Marine Corps base, in San Diego, Calif., were too hard on us — requiring smooth, white leather pumps with white heels and closed toes in place of the wedgies, open toes, flats, and oxfords pictured. I grant that it may be difficult to parade in pumps, but nevertheless, that is regulation uniform and I think it should be carried out.

At any rate, I am very hurt to think that of the few pictures of WRs to appear in *Leatherneck*, I see one such as that. How about some REAL pictures of the Women Reserves!

Virginia Lee McLemore
San Antonio 5, Texas

• • •

Sirs:

In June I left the Corps, but I haven't forgotten it. No Indeed! My only connection now is the *Leatherneck* and I am glad it has penetrated the newsstands where with no more ado I can secure a copy every month.

First I want to express my thanks for the pictures of Camp Pendleton. Its the Hills of Home to me and my buddy, who did duty there. Lets hear more about "Pen" and the men stationed there.

Now for the reading off — in the October issue you had a story on the Minneapolis Aquatennial, Okay. But before printing it did you take a good look at the WRs you showed marching down the main drag? I don't think so or you would never have printed the picture — that is if you hold any pride in the MCWR. Look at the girl, third from the left. Who does she think she is marching in sandals? Not only does it look bad in general, but she sure doesn't wear her uniform with pride.

I never was a GI biddy but I always took pride in wearing my uniform correctly, just as I do in civilian clothes now. Thanks again for the swell article on Camp Pendleton, and good luck to the Marines.

Meffie Scales

Iowa City, Iowa

• The girls in the picture referred to are former WRs. This is no excuse for using the picture but it does take the heat off the Corps. — Ed.



A SENIOR CORPORAL?

Sirs:

Your November issue of *Leatherneck* carried a Sound Off letter from PFC M. J. Kwiecinski claiming that Corporal C. L. Stevens is Senior Corporal in the Corps, having a warrant dated 17 February, 1942.

This command (Marine Detachment, USN Disciplinary Barracks, San Pedro, Calif.) has Corporal Stevens topped by Corporal Harry V. Moorehouse whose corporal warrant is dated 22 December, 1941 and has served since that time as a corporal. Can anyone top this? Incidentally, Corporal Moorehouse has completed 18 years service in the Corps.

L. E. Gibson, 1st Sgt.

San Pedro, Calif.

• • •

Sirs:

This is a claim for longest corporal's time to end all claims for longest corporal's time.

The undersigned was promoted to corporal on 12 April, 1936, and held that rating continuously until promoted to sergeant on 5 August, 1941, a period of five years, three months and 23 days.

Let's hear no more from the "boots." I'll accept the championship and all its appurtenances.

ex-Sergeant Morris B. Dodge
Chico, Calif.

(continued on page 59)



Start the New Year RIGHT-WRITE for the FREE MCI course that fits your educational requirements...

YOUR TEXT BOOK AND STUDY MATERIAL WILL BE ON ITS WAY TO YOU WITHIN 72 HOURS FROM THE TIME APPLICATION IS RECEIVED.

FOR MORE COMPLETE INFORMATION ABOUT THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE AND ITS COURSES, CONSULT YOUR MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE HANDBOOK.

COLLEGE SUBJECTS

College Freshman English I, II
Survey of English Literature I, II
Survey of American Literature I, II
Survey of European Literature I, II
Creative Writing I, II
Journalism I, II
Radio Speaking and Writing
College Algebra
Analytic Geometry
Differential Calculus
Integral Calculus
Spherical Trigonometry
Physical Geology
Military Geology
Physical Science Survey
Introductory Accounting
Intermediate Accounting
Advanced Accounting
Cost Accounting
Auditing
Business Law

Industrial Management
Effective Salesmanship
Latin-American Geography
Latin-American History
The Pacific World
Human Geography of Japan
Russia's Lands and Peoples
Human Geography of Asia
Spanish I, II
French I, II
Psychology
Introduction to Anthropology
History of Architecture
Elementary Meteorology
Air Navigation
Celestial Air Navigation
Civil Engineering
Surveying and Mapping
Principles of Surveying
Highway Engineering
Mechanical Engineering

HIGH SCHOOL SUBJECTS

Living English (Grammar)
Literature I, II, III, IV
Correct English Composition
Effective English Expression
General Mathematics
Elementary Algebra
Plane Geometry
Solid Geometry
Plane Trigonometry
Advanced Algebra I, II
General Science
Biology
Physiology and Health
General Chemistry
Physics
Physical Geography
Elements of Geology
General Business
Business Arithmetic
Bookkeeping I, II

Typewriting
Shorthand, Gregg, I, II
Thomas Natural Shorthand
Applied Economics
Consumer Economics
Fundamentals of Selling
Business Correspondence
Secretarial Office Practice
Applied Business Law
Fundamentals of Advertising
Retail Merchandising
French I, II, III
Spanish I, II, III
Ancient History
Modern History
World History
American History
American Government (Civics)
Commercial Geography
World Geography

SPECIAL SUBJECTS

Photography
Industrial Chemistry
Spelling
Good English
Post Exchange Accounting
Mathematics Refresher

Modern Criminal Investigation
Fingerprint Operator
Classification of Fingerprints
Latent Fingerprints
Prison Work
Plant Security

FROM: (rank) (first name) (initial) (last name) (serial no.)
(organization) (USMC address)
(highest education completed, and name and address of school)

I want to (check one):
☐ Complete High School ☐ Prepare for a Better Job
☐ Prepare for College ☐ Increase my Knowledge

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Marine Barracks, 8th and E Sts., S. E., Wash. 25, D. C.

Schools for Marines



COURSES INDEX

ADMINISTRATION

Personnel Administration Course
Typists Course
Stenography Course
Electrical Accounting Machine Operators Course

AMPHIBIAN TRACTOR

Amphibian Tractor Crewmans Course
Amphibian Tractor Mechanics Course
Tank and 105-mm. Motor Carriage Crewmans Course

AVIATION

Aviation Metalsmith (Class A)
Aviation Metalsmith (Class B)
Photography Course
Aircraft Engineering and Maintenance Course
Naval Supply and Accounts Course
Ordnance Course
Parachutes Course
Aerographers Mate (Class A)
Aviation Electronics Basic Maintenance (Phase I)
Aviation Electronics Basic Maintenance (Phase II)
Control Tower Operators Course
Ground Controlled Approach Course
Aviation Fundamentals (Class P)
Aviation Electricians Mate (Class A)
Aviation Machinist Mate (Class A)

BAND

Bandsman Course
Field Music Course
Band Refresher Course

COOKS AND BAKERS

Cooks Regular Course D
Bakers Course E
Mess Management Course B

COMMUNICATIONS

Field Telephone Course
Elementary Electricity and Radio Materiel Course
Radio Technician Course
Radio Operator Course
High Speed Radio Operator Course
Carrier Repeater Course
Telephone Electrician Course
Central Office Maintenance Course
Automatic Telephone Maintenance Course
Cable Splicer Course

ENGINEER

Basic Engineer Course
NCO General Engineer Course
NCO Engineer Equipment Course
Photolithography Course
NCO Utilities Course

ORDNANCE

Small Arms Mechanic Course
Watch Repair Technician Course
Ordnance Shop Technician Course
Artillery Mechanic Course
Instrument Technician Course
Fire Control Equipment Maintenance Course
Ammunition Technician Course

SEA SCHOOL

Sea Duty Indoctrination Course

SUPPLY

Automotive Mechanics Course
Motor Vehicle Operator Course
Enlisted Clerical Course (Basic)
Enlisted Clerical Course (Advanced)
Motor Vehicle Spare Parts, Supplies, and Stockroom
Procedure Course
Signal Supply Course

MOTION PICTURE

Motion Picture Operator Course

An extensive program of education for Marines, offered under a recent directive from Headquarters, Marine Corps, has been announced. The courses are made available for enlisted men who are interested in qualifying for assignment to particular types of duty, or who wish to take advantage of school training to meet the latest promotion requirements.

Any man not undergoing recruit training may apply for duty under instruction in one of the courses, providing he complies with requirements. These include a minimum length of time an applicant must be obligated to serve in the Marine Corps. This may be 18 months, two years, or three years, depending on the course. If he has not sufficient time left on his current enlistment he must agree to re-enlist or extend.

The extension or re-enlistment contracts must be completed before transfer for assignment to a school will be effected. In the case of re-enlistment this cannot be done prior to the expiration of a current enlistment. Extensions may be made at any time during an enlistment. Men serving overseas will not be returned to the United States for assignment to a training course until they have completed at least 12 months of their overseas tour of duty or are within three months of the date of expiration of their current enlistment.

All commanding officers have been directed by the Commandant to encourage and assist enlisted personnel in applying for an appropriate course. The courses are listed on these pages. Full details on application procedure are contained in Letter of Instruction No. 1387.



COURSE: Personnel Administration.

SCHOOL: Personnel Administration School.

LOCATION: Parris Island, South Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in purpose and outline of classification; familiarization with military and civilian jobs; accomplishment, coding, and punching of qualification cards (NAVMC-940-PD) accomplishment of job analysis schedule; interviewing, testing and assigning personnel; outline of rehabilitation duties; instruction in abbreviations, official correspondence, use of Marine Corps Manual, Service Record Book, Change Sheets, Morning Reports, Muster Roll, Payroll, and miscellaneous forms; Deck Court and Summary Court Martial; operational training in classification work including interviewing, testing, accomplishment, coding and punching of qualification cards (NAVMC-940-PD).
b. Requirements: GCT of 100; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.
c. Length: Twelve (12) weeks.
d. Quota: Fifty (50) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) weeks.

COURSE: Typists' Course.

SCHOOL: Personnel Administration School.

LOCATION: Parris Island, South Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in elementary keyboard exercises, proper form for official correspondence, endorsements and replies to letters, office procedure, basic typing, speed tests, standard office procedures, and filing system.
b. Requirements: GCT of 90; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.
c. Length: Eight (8) weeks.
d. Quota: Seventy (70) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Stenography.

SCHOOL: Naval Training School.

LOCATION: San Diego, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in dictation, in shorthand or on a stenotype machine and transcription of notes on a typewriter.
b. Requirements: Must be a qualified SSN 405; capable of typing twenty-five (25) words per minute; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.
c. Length: Sixteen (16) weeks.
d. Quota: Five (5) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Electrical Accounting Machine Operators Course.

SCHOOL: Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps.

LOCATION: Washington, D. C.

a. Course Description: Course includes elementary instruction on all electrical accounting machines, such as key punch, verifiers, sorter and collator. The course also embraces instruction in the wiring of the tabulator, collator, reproducer, and interpreter.
b. Requirements: GCT of 90; Must have three years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.
c. Length: Twelve (12) weeks.
d. Quota: Six (6) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Every three (3) weeks.

COURSE: Amphibian Tractor Crewman.

SCHOOL: Tracked Vehicle School Battalion.

LOCATION: MT&RC, Camp Pendleton, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in the operation, care, and preventive maintenance of LVT's and accessories. Instruction will also be given in seamanship, cargo handling, and storage; technique of assault landings and combat principles as required for an amphibian tractor crewman.
b. Requirements: MAT of 90; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.
c. Length: Ten (10) weeks.
d. Quota: Sixty-eight (68) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Every four months. (6 January 1947)

COURSE: Amphibian Tractor Mechanics.

SCHOOL: Tracked Vehicle School Battalion.

LOCATION: MT&RC, Camp Pendleton, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in hull, track, suspension, power plant, accessories, and familiarization with armament, and communication equipment with a view to proficiency as an LVT mechanic.
b. Requirements: MAT of 100; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension

NEW COURSES (continued)

thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-three (23) weeks.

d. Quota: Nineteen (19) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) months. (6 January 1947)

COURSE: Tank and 105-mm. Motor Carriage Crewman.

SCHOOL: Tracked Vehicle School Battalion.

LOCATION: MT&RC, Camp Pendleton, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in the operation, care, preventive maintenance of tanks, gunnery, fire control instruments and accessories.

b. Requirements: MAT of 90. Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Sixteen (16) weeks.

d. Quota: Fifty-seven (57), (nineteen (19) graduates of Amphibious Tractor Crewmans Course take last six weeks of instruction. Graduated as Armored Amphibian Crewman).

e. Starting Interval: Every four (4) months. (27 January 1947)

COURSE: Aerographers Mate (Class A).

SCHOOL: Naval School.

LOCATION: NAS, Lakehurst, New Jersey.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in weather codes, instruments, meteorology, clouds and weather observations, map analysis and coded maps, monthly aerological record, balloon soundings, use of adiabatic charts, aerology operations, aerological forms and correspondence, typing.

b. Requirements: High School graduates required. College background with work in meteorology, astronomy, geography, physical science, thermodynamic, desirable. Typing skill and clerical experience are helpful. Must have two (2) years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Sixteen (16) weeks.

d. Quota: Five (5) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Aviation Electronics Basic Maintenance (Phase I).

SCHOOL: Naval School.

LOCATION: Ward Island, Corpus Christi, Texas.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in radio mechanics, fundamentals of electricity, applied mathematics, alternating current circuits, fundamentals of radio, communications circuits, electrical machinery. Includes laboratory instruction in identification of radio parts and symbol sketching, tinning and soldering iron, apparatus sketch, soldering phone cords, soldering cable, tubing and lugs, machine screws and radio fasteners, etc.

b. Requirements: GCT 100; MAT 100. Minimum eddy test score of 50. Must have three (3) years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty (20) weeks.

d. Quota: Fifteen (15) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every two (2) weeks.

COURSE: Aviation Electronics Basic Maintenance (Phase II).

SCHOOL: Naval School.

LOCATION: Ward Island, Corpus Christi, Texas.

a. Course Description: Advanced training in electronics which develops the trainees' skills from basic level of training to a finished product. All types of airborne electronics equipment in current use both from a theoretical and practical standpoint. Extensive training in the shop where trainee becomes acquainted with normal shop layouts and procedures.

b. Requirements: Must be a graduate of Aviation Electronics Basic Maintenance (Phase I).

c. Length: Twenty-four (24) weeks.

d. Quota: Fifteen (15) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every two (2) weeks.

COURSE: Control Tower Operators.

SCHOOL: Naval Training School, NATTC.

LOCATION: Jacksonville, Fla.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in aeronautical charts, code, radio frequencies and procedures. Radio range flying, instruments approach procedures. FCC rules and regulations. Civil air regulations, Part 60, meteorology, airport traffic control. Link Trainer, aircraft recognition. On the job training.

b. Requirements: Hearing 15/15, eyes 20/20, voice clear, unaccented and with no speech impediments. Must have eighteen (18) months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two (2) year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Six (6) weeks.

d. Quota: Three (3) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every two (2) weeks.

COURSE: Ground Controlled Approach.

SCHOOL: Naval Training School, NATTC.

LOCATION: NAS, Olathe, Kansas.

a. Course Description: Maintenance and operation of GCA equipment. Naval Aviation Confidential Bulletin, June 1945, No. 6-45, issued by office of the Chief of Naval Operations and Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., contains complete information about this course of instruction. Crews of two (2) officers and nine (9) enlisted men are trained as a team.

b. Requirements: Personnel assigned as technicians must be qualified SSN 878 or 879, and those assigned to be trained as operators must be qualified SSN 880 or 866. Must have two (2) years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Three (3) months.

d. Quota: Quotas arranged as needs arise and eligible personnel are available.

e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Aviation Fundamentals (Class P).

SCHOOL: Naval School, NATTC.

LOCATION: Jacksonville, Fla.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in Aeronautical organization. Gunnery, including sighting fundamentals, safety precautions. Watch standing. Communications. Basic skills and information. Survival equipment. Physical fitness, military drill. Upon graduation from this course, trainees are further ordered to one of three Navy Schools—NS (Aviation Machinist Mate), NS (Aviation Metalsmith), NS (Aviation Electricians Mate).

b. Requirements: GCT 100; MAT 100. Must have three (3) years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Eleven (11) weeks.

d. Quota: Ten (10) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Weekly.

COURSE: Aviation Electricians Mate (Class A).

SCHOOL: Naval School, NATTC.

LOCATION: Jacksonville, Florida.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in the fundamentals of electricity. Lighting circuits. Battery maintenance. Warning and auxiliary circuits. Generators. Voltage regulators and reverse current relays, eclipse and general electric. Trouble shooting on generators and control units. Magnetos, Bosch and Scintilla. Booster coils and induction vibrators. Harness, starters, and spark plugs. Electrical instrument and automatic pilot circuits. Fire control, Intervalometer and Mark 18 gunsight circuits. Electric turrets. Electric propellers. Auxiliary power units. Battery carts. Line operation. Testing. Practical experience with installations in aircraft.

b. Requirements: Must be a graduate of NS (Aviation Fundamentals) Class P and must have 12/20 vision corrected to 20/20 each eye.

c. Length: Sixteen (16) weeks.

d. Quota: Two (2) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Weekly.

COURSE: Aviation Machinist Mate (Class A).

SCHOOL: Naval School, NATTC.

LOCATION: Memphis, Tennessee.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in airplanes. Minor repairs to fabric. Removal and installation of instruments. Operation, removal, installation, and adjustment of hydraulic units. Brake inspection and adjustment. Control removal, replacement, inspection, and adjustment. Removal and replacement of structural units. Emergency equipment.

Engines; Disembalming, embalming. Removal and installation of engines, accessories, and propellers, and principles of operation. Synchronization and timing of magnetos to engines. Cleaning of spark plugs and maintenance of ignition harness. Lubrication and fuel systems. Trouble shooting.

Squadron operations, including typing down, cleaning, fueling, oiling, inspection, and starting and stopping engines.

b. Requirements: Must be a graduate of NS (Aviation Fundamentals) Class P; vision corrected to 20/20 each eye.

c. Length: Sixteen (16) weeks.

d. Quota: Six (6) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Weekly.

COURSE: Aviation Metalsmith (Class A).

SCHOOL: Naval School, NATTC.

LOCATION: Memphis, Tennessee.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in drawing. Blueprint reading. Mathematics. Basic metalwork. Repair and replacement of sheet metal surfaces. Repair of structural members such as spars, ribs, and bulkheads. Full line repair. Installation and repair of transparent plastic enclosures. Repair to fabric covered surfaces. Inspection, removal, repair and installation of self sealing fuel cells. Removal, installation, alignment of controls. Practical application with experience in latest aircraft.

b. Requirements: Must be a graduate of NS (Aviation

fundamentals) Class P.

c. Length: Sixteen (16) weeks.

d. Quota: One (1) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Weekly.

COURSE: Aviation Metalsmith (Class B).

SCHOOL: Naval School, NATTC.

LOCATION: Memphis, Tennessee.

a. Course Description: Marine Corps personnel are sent to an eight (8) weeks' phase for training in hydraulic mechanics which includes instruction in hydraulic principles, types of oil and packings, functions and locations of hydraulic units, typical systems and their arrangements, testing and trouble shooting on hydraulic systems.

b. Requirements: Qualified 747 or 555.

c. Length: Eight (8) weeks.

d. Quota: Ten (10) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Photography.

SCHOOL: Naval Training School.

LOCATION: Pensacola, Florida.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in photography, basic and advanced photographic processes, use of ground cameras, aerial photography including mosaic map making, ground and aerial motion picture photography, photolithography.

b. Requirements: GCT 100; MAT 100. For aerial photography, students must be physically qualified and temperamentally adapted for duty involving flight. Must have three (3) years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-six (26) weeks.

d. Quota: Ten (10) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Aircraft Engineering and Maintenance.

SCHOOL: Marine Corps Aviation Technical Schools.

LOCATION: Marine Corps Air Station, Quantico, Va.

a. Course Description: An advanced study of aircraft repair and maintenance consisting of field maintenance, power plant assemblies, shop practices, structures and technical administration.

b. Requirements: Must have had preliminary aviation instruction in, and have served for a period of at least two years in a squadron as mechanic (SSN-747), engine mechanic (SSN-684), a propeller mechanic (SSN-687), instrument mechanic (SSN-686), hydraulic mechanic (528), or metalsmith (555). Must have three (3) years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: 24 weeks.

d. Quota: 15 Naval Aviators, commissioned warrant officers, or warrant officers as available and twenty (20) enlisted men.

e. Starting Interval: Two (2) classes per year.

COURSE: Naval Supply and Accounts.

SCHOOL: Marine Corps Aviation Technical Schools.

LOCATION: Marine Corps Air Station, Quantico, Va.

a. Course Description: General supply structure. Introduction to Naval publication, Naval accounting, Nomenclature, Allowance lists, Procurement, staff record card (Navy), Clerical office duties, typing, packing and crating, and storage and warehousing.

b. Requirements: GCT of 100. Must have two (2) years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: 20 weeks.

d. Quota: 5 officers, 10 enlisted men.

e. Starting Interval: Two (2) classes per year.

COURSE: Ordnance.

SCHOOL: Marine Corps Aviation Technical Schools.

LOCATION: Marine Corps Air Station, Quantico, Va.

a. Course Description: Two courses, basic and advanced, each to cover the following: B.A.M., Gun, calibre 50, M2, 20-mm. cannon, T-31; Bombs and Fuses; Rockets; Film processing; GSAP camera; Tow targets; Ammunition; Fire control; Pyrotechnics; Explosives and Demolitions; Supply and accounts for Ordnance; Hydraulic Controls; and Re-arming.

b. Requirements: MAT of 100. Must have two (2) years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Eighteen (18) weeks.

d. Quota: Three (3) officers and twelve (12) enlisted men.

e. Starting Interval: Ten (10) classes per year.

COURSE: Parachutes.

SCHOOL: Marine Corps Aviation Technical Schools.

LOCATION: Marine Corps Air Station, Quantico, Va.

a. Course Description: Packing, Dry Locker procedure, Inspections, Materials, Tools, Causes and Remedies of Strains, Adjusting and Tacking, Sewing Machine Operation, Minor Repairs, Handsewing of fabrics, Blueprint reading, Handling and Storage of Parachutes, Life jacket and Rubberized cloth repair and live jumping.

b. Requirements: GCT of 100; MAT of 100. Agree to make a live jump in a parachute packed by himself. Must

have eighteen (18) months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two (2) year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: 10 weeks.
d. Quota: 10 enlisted men.
e. Starting Interval: Four (4) classes per year.

COURSE: Bandsman.

SCHOOL: Band School.

LOCATION: Parris Island, South Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes individual and group instruction (section), band and orchestra (dance) rehearsal, concerts, military band procedure; rudiments of music.

b. Requirements: Previous experience in playing a band instrument; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except men serving on two-year enlistment will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Twelve (12) weeks.
d. Quota: Ten (10) per month.
e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Bandsman.

SCHOOL: Band School.

LOCATION: Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes individual and group instruction (section), band and orchestra (dance) rehearsal, concerts, military band procedures; rudiments of music.

b. Requirements: Previous experience in playing a band instrument; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Twelve (12) weeks.
d. Quota: Ten (10) students per class.
e. Starting Interval: As available.

COURSE: Field Music.

SCHOOL: Field Music School.

LOCATION: Parris Island, S. C. and San Diego, Calif.

a. Course Description: The course of instruction is divided into six (6) separate classes: (1) Low Scale, (2) High Scale, (3) Low Garrison Calls, (4) High Garrison Calls, (5) Low Sea Calls, (6) High Sea Calls.

Each class is examined bi-monthly, to determine student's qualification for advancement to next class, or for rating as Field Music. Students examined for rating are required to make a grade of E0 or above for qualification as Field Music. This grade is reached through tests in written music, tone, execution and general knowledge of calls, execution and general knowledge of Drum.

b. Requirements: Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: The entire course covers a period of fifteen (15) to twenty-four (24) weeks, depending upon the previous experience and ability of the student.

d. Quota: Twenty (20) per class.

e. Starting Interval: As available.

COURSE: Refresher Course.

SCHOOL: Navy School of Music.

LOCATION: U. S. Naval Receiving Station, Washington, D. C.

a. Course Description: Course includes individual and group instruction, band and orchestra rehearsal, concerts, military band procedures; rudiments of music.

b. Requirements: Previous experience in playing a band instrument; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Six (6) months.
d. Quota: Fifteen (15) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) months (on or about 1 January and 1 July).

COURSE: Cooks Regular Course D.

SCHOOLS: Cooks and Bakers School, Supply School Battalion.

LOCATION: MB, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in mess management; nutrition; food preparation and serving; meat cutting; field kitchen and equipment; and dehydrated foods.

b. Requirements: Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless

their enlistment is extended for one or more years

c. Length: Eight (8) weeks.
d. Quota: Twenty (20) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Bakers Course E.

SCHOOL: Cooks and Bakers School, Supply School Battalion.

LOCATION: MB, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in the general manufacture of bread; formula construction; bakery sanitation; post bakery equipment, maintenance and arrangement; traveling oven bakeries; field baking and equipment; bread faults, their causes and corrective measures; record of bakery operation; examinations; operations, practical work.

b. Requirements: Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Eight (8) weeks.
d. Quota: Six (6) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Mess Management Course B.

SCHOOL: Cooks and Bakers School, Supply School Battalion.

LOCATION: MB, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in mess organization and administration; leadership and military discipline; rations; elements of nutrition; menus; sanitation; garrison equipment; inspection and storage of foods; meat cutting; technique of cooking; dehydrated foods; field equipment; mess in the field and en route; practical mess operations.

b. Requirements: Sergeant or above; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Thirty (30) days.
d. Quota: Ten (10) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: Field Telephone.

SCHOOL: Signal Battalion.

LOCATION: MT&RC, Camp Pendleton, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in elements of electricity, fundamental telephone, field faults and their rectification, wire laying, switchboard operation, familiarization with field telephone equipment, and message center procedure.

b. Requirements: MAT of 25; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Twelve (12) weeks.
d. Quota: Sixty (60) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Every two (2) weeks.

COURSE: Elementary Electricity and Radio Materiel.

SCHOOL: Naval Training School.

LOCATION: Great Lakes, Illinois.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in radio mechanics; fundamentals of electricity; applied math; alternating current circuits; fundamentals of radio; communication circuits; electrical machinery; identification of radio parts and symbol sketching, tinning and soldering iron, apparatus sketch; soldering phone cords, soldering cable, tubing and lugs, machine screws and radio fasteners, layout and construction of bracket, construction of tank coil, slot and wind choke, sharpen drill, drill steel, soldering plugs, sockets and coaxial cables, template making, chassis layout, drilling and punching chassis.

b. Requirements: GCT of 100, MAT of 100; Must have three years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-seven (27) weeks.
d. Quota: Fifty (50) per month.
e. Starting Interval: Every two (2) weeks.

COURSE: Radar Technicians'.

SCHOOL: Signal Battalion.

LOCATION: MT&RC, Camp Pendleton, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in repair and maintenance of all radar sets (including associated power equipment) used by the Marine Corps. Airborne radar equipment is not included in this course.

b. Requirements: Successful completion of Elementary Electricity and Radio Materiel course.
c. Length: Twenty (20) weeks.
d. Quota: Fifteen (15) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Every two (2) months.

COURSE: Radio Technicians'.

SCHOOL: Signal Battalion.

LOCATION: MT&RC, Camp Pendleton, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in inspection, installation, test and 5th echelon maintenance of all radio sets used by the Marine Corps.

b. Requirements: Successful completion of Elementary Electricity and Radio Materiel course.
c. Length: Twenty (20) weeks.
d. Quota: Fourteen (14) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Every two (2) months.

COURSE: Radio Operators'.

SCHOOL: Signal Battalion.

LOCATION: MT&RC, Camp Pendleton, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in radio procedure, International Morse Code, message center operation, operation, elementary electricity, basic typing, teletype operating, and teletype operating procedure.

b. Requirements: GCT of 95; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible, unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Sixteen (16) weeks.
d. Quota: Fifty-five (55) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

COURSE: High Speed Radio Operators'.

SCHOOL: Signal Battalion.

LOCATION: MT&RC, Camp Pendleton, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in touch typing, radio code and procedure, first and second echelon maintenance, wire and visual communication practice, and administrative procedures concerning signal supply.

b. Requirements: Qualified SSN 776; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Eight (8) weeks.
d. Quota: Thirty-five (35) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Every two (2) months.

COURSE: Carrier Repeaterman.

SCHOOL: Eastern Signal Corps School.

LOCATION: Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in operating adjustments on telephone repeaters and carrier telephone equipment; rearmage line connections to maintain continuity of service. To make transmission noise, resistance, impedance, and frequency measurements, cross talk and routine tests on toll and composite repeaters and trunk equipment. To make tests with repairman on outside plant trouble and patch circuits on emergency basis at test board and repeater bays. To read circuit diagrams and adjust AC and DC relays.

b. Requirements: SSN 646; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Varies.
d. Quota: As required.
e. Starting Interval: As required.

COURSE: Telephone Electrician.

SCHOOL: Signal Battalion.

LOCATION: MT&RC, Camp Pendleton, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in the theory of electricity, telephone, and telegraphy; maintenance and repair of all wire equipment used by the Marine Corps.

b. Requirements: Previous field experience in communications in one of the following SSN's: 641, 776, 766, 667, 039, or 649; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Nine (9) months.
d. Quota: Thirty (30) per class.
e. Starting Interval: Every three (3) months.

COURSE: Central Office Maintenance.

SCHOOL: Eastern Signal Corps School.

LOCATION: Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in installation and repair of telephone equipment associated with Manual Switching Central; test circuits and equipment; locate trouble; repair and adjust equipment; installation of switchboard for complete manual exchange; installation, removal and changing of cross connection at distributing frame.

b. Requirements: Qualified SSN 646; Must have three years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-one and one-half (21½) weeks.
d. Quota: As required.
e. Starting Interval: As required.

NEW COURSES (continued)

COURSE: Automatic Telephone Maintenance.

SCHOOL: Eastern Signal Corps School.

LOCATION: Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in circuits and electrical and mechanical adjustment of various components of step-by-step automatic telephone system (STROWGER), connector, selector, plunger line switch, rotary line switch, line finder, impulse repeater, battery search selector, master and minor switches, dial switch, all associated relays; engineering of equipment and trunking in typical systems.

b. Requirements: Successful completion of Central Office Maintenance course.

c. Length: Ten (10) weeks.

d. Quota: Graduates of Central Office Maintenance course.

e. Starting Interval: As required.

COURSE: Cable Splicers.

SCHOOL: Eastern Signal Corps School.

LOCATION: Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in basic signal communications, principles of electricity, power equipment maintenance, cable splicing, pole line construction, concurrent basic military training and orientation, and physical training.

b. Requirements: Qualified SSN 641; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Eighteen (18) weeks, three (3) days.

d. Quota: As required.

e. Starting Interval: As required.

COURSE: Basic Engineer.

SCHOOL: Engineer School Battalion.

LOCATION: Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in the organization and capabilities of Engineer and Pioneer troops; demolition; basic field construction methods; bridging and rigging; types, uses, and capabilities of Engineer Mechanical equipment; fundamentals of field water supply; and basic camouflage.

b. Requirements: MAT of 90; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Eight (8) weeks.

d. Quota: Forty (40) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Three classes every two (2) months.

COURSE: NCO General Engineer.

SCHOOL: Engineer School Battalion.

LOCATION: Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in bridging, demolition; gas and diesel engines; capabilities of machine, blacksmith, and welding shops; construction capabilities of Engineer mechanical equipment; principles of building construction; utilities; camouflage; shore party procedure; job estimates and organization.

b. Requirements: Pfc or above, qualified in one of the following SSN's: 035, 050, 059, 144, 145, 189, 533, 593, 729, 796, or 800; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-three (23) weeks.

d. Quota: Forty (40) per class.

e. Starting Interval: As available (on or about 20 January 1947)

COURSE: NCO Engineer Equipment.

SCHOOL: Engineer School Battalion.

LOCATION: Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in gas and diesel engines; uses and capabilities of equipment; field operation; repair, and maintenance of equipment; road construction problems.

b. Requirements: Pfc or above; MAT of 100; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-three (23) weeks.

d. Quota: Twenty-five (25) per class.

e. Starting Interval: As available (on or about 20 January 1947)

COURSE: Photolithography.

SCHOOL: Engineer School Battalion.

LOCATION: MB, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction and practical work in operation of 11" and 14" camera, Duplicator (model No. 40), 24" x 24" camera, and Lithographic press (model No. 2066); preparation of copy

and platemaking technique; preparation of black and white prints.

b. Requirements: MAT of 100; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Fourteen (14) weeks.

d. Quota: Five (5) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Approximately every month.

COURSE: NCO Utilities.

SCHOOL: Engineer School Battalion.

LOCATION: Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in field water supply, electrical and refrigeration facilities as utilized by the Fleet Marine Force.

b. Requirements: Pfc or above; Qualified in one of the following SSN's: 078, 322, 822, 121, 727, or 164; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-three (23) weeks.

d. Quota: Fifteen (15) per class.

e. Starting Interval: As available (on or about 20 January 1947)

COURSE: Small Arms Mechanic.

SCHOOL: Ordnance School, Marine Corps Schools.

LOCATION: Quantico, Virginia.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in inspection, repair, and maintenance of all infantry weapons.

b. Requirements: MAT of 90; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-four (24) weeks.

d. Quota: Forty-seven (47) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) months. (17 March 1947)

COURSE: Watch Repair Technician.

SCHOOL: Ordnance School, Marine Corps Schools.

LOCATION: Quantico, Virginia.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in cleaning, adjusting, repairing and oiling of watches and clocks.

b. Requirements: MAT of 90; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-four (24) weeks.

d. Quota: Two (2) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) months. (17 March 1947)

COURSE: Ordnance Shop Technician.

SCHOOL: Ordnance School, Marine Corps Schools.

LOCATION: Quantico, Virginia.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in correct use of hand-tools, operation of shop machines, use of welding and metalizing equipment.

b. Requirements: MAT of 90; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-four (24) weeks.

d. Quota: Six (6) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) months. (17 March 1947)

COURSE: Artillery Mechanic.

SCHOOL: Ordnance School, Marine Corps Schools.

LOCATION: Quantico, Virginia.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in inspection, repair and maintenance of artillery weapons.

b. Requirements: MAT of 90; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-four (24) weeks.

d. Quota: Twenty-four (24) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) months. (17 March 1947)

COURSE: Instrument Technician.

SCHOOL: Ordnance School, Marine Corps Schools.

LOCATION: Quantico, Virginia.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in maintenance and major repair on all types of optical fire control and related instruments.

b. Requirements: MAT of 90; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-four (24) weeks.

d. Quota: Seven (7) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) months. (17 March 1947)

COURSE: Fire Control Equipment Maintenance.

SCHOOL: Ordnance School, Marine Corps Schools.

LOCATION: Quantico, Virginia.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in the basic design, operation, maintenance, and repair of fire control equipment (Directors, Searchlight, Remote Control Systems).

b. Requirements: MAT of 100; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-four (24) weeks.

d. Quota: Ten (10) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) months. (17 March 1947)

COURSE: Ammunition Technician.

SCHOOL: Ordnance School, Marine Corps Schools.

LOCATION: Quantico, Virginia.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in function and construction of fuzes, handling, storing, issuing, and transporting of ammunition and explosives.

b. Requirements: MAT of 100; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty-four (24) weeks.

d. Quota: Fourteen (14) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every six (6) months. (17 March 1947)

COURSE: Sea Duty Indoctrination.

SCHOOL: Sea School.

LOCATION: Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in military courtesy; interior guard duty; navy time and bells; duties of Marines afloat; sea terms and expressions; duties of naval officers; organization of a ship's crew; ships nomenclature; condition watches; emergency drills; recognition training; aircraft and ships; orderly duties; true and relative bearing; AA and surface lookouts; mechanical and technical training in .45 caliber automatic pistol, BAR, 20-mm. and 40-mm. gun, and 5.38" AA gun.

b. Requirements: Minimum height 5' 8", minimum weight 130; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Five (5) weeks.

d. Quota: As required.

e. Starting Interval: Weekly.

COURSE: Automotive Mechanics.

SCHOOL: Motor Transport School, Supply School Battalion.

LOCATION: Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in gasoline and diesel engine construction; carburetion; diesel principle; ignition; preventive maintenance; power train; axles and final drive; brakes; wheel alignment; overhaul, tune-up and tractor mechanics.

b. Requirements: MAT of 90; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twenty (20) weeks.

d. Quota: Thirty-five (35) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every two (2) months.

COURSE: Motor Vehicle Operators Course.

SCHOOL: Motor Transport School, Supply School Battalion.

LOCATION: Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes instruction in preventive maintenance; trouble shooting, and operation of all types of Marine Corps vehicles.

b. Requirements: Previous driving experience; Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. Length: Five (5) weeks.

d. Quota: Twenty-five (25) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Every five (5) weeks.

COURSE: Supply Department Enlisted Clerical Course (Basic).

SCHOOL: Supply School, Supply Schools Battalion.

LOCATION: Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. Course Description: Course includes general basic training in organization, procedures, forms, and administration practices of the entire Supply Department.

b. Requirements: GCT of 100; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. Length: Twelve (12) weeks.

d. Quota: Twenty-five (25) per class.

e. Starting Interval: Monthly.

(continued on page 58)

"DID
YOU
EVER
SEE
A
SHINE
LIKE
THAT?"



"Another thing I learned
from a service man . . .
no wonder I always get a
good shine. I use GRIFFIN
ABC just like you do."



GRIFFIN

THE GREATEST NAME
IN SHOE POLISH



NEW COURSES (cont.)

COURSE: Supply Department Enlisted Clerical Course (Advanced).
SCHOOL: Supply School, Supply Schools Battalion.

LOCATION: Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. **Course Description:** Course includes instruction in all phases of administrative clerical duties in the supply department, comprising modified property accounting; federal standard stock catalogue; tables of allowances; subsistence; stock record card control procedure; warehousing and storage; purchasing; transportation, and typewriting.

b. **Requirements:** One (1) year experience in Supply Department performing clerical duties; NCO rank; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. **Length:** Twenty (20) weeks.

d. **Quota:** Thirty (30) per class.

e. **Starting Interval:** Every two (2) months.

COURSE: Motor Vehicle Spare Parts, Supplies, and Stockroom Procedure Course.

SCHOOL: Motor Transport School, Supply School Battalion.

LOCATION: Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

a. **Course Description:** Course includes instruction in issuing, storage, requisitioning and accounting for tools, supplies and spare parts in a Motor Transport stockroom.

b. **Requirements:** Successful completion of Motor Transport Automotive Mechanic Course or Advanced Supply Department Clerical course. Must have eighteen months to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible, except that men serving on two-year enlistments will not be eligible unless their enlistment is extended for one or more years.

c. **Length:** Six (6) weeks.

d. **Quota:** Six (6); three (3) graduates of the Automotive Mechanics Course and three (3) graduates of the Quartermaster Clerical course.

e. **Starting Interval:** Every two (2) months.

COURSE: Signal Supply Course.

SCHOOL: Signal Supply Division.

LOCATION: Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

a. **Course Description:** Course includes instruction in Signal Supply; orientation, nomenclature; elements of electricity; cataloging; identification of signal items; fundamentals of electricity; circuit diagrams; identification of parts by means of instructional literature; Army-Signal catalog; allowances; aviation supply; administration; procurement; salvage; material routing; material receiving; shipping; test instruments; storage and warehousing; shop practicing; accountability; fire fighting and prevention; fundamentals of Radio and Radar.

b. **Requirements:** Must carry a primary communications or supply personnel specification serial number; Must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. **Length:** Nine (9) weeks.

d. **Quota:** Thirty (30) per class.

e. **Starting Interval:** Every nine (9) weeks. (17 March 1947 and 19 May 1947)

COURSE: Motion Picture Operator.

SCHOOL: Naval Training School.

LOCATION: Bainbridge, Maryland; San Diego, California.

a. **Course Description:** Course includes instruction in the theory, characteristics, and application of sound, light, electricity, and vacuum tubes; in the mechanics, installation, operation and maintenance of motion picture projectors. Instruction deals with Simplex, Acme and De Vry 35-mm. projectors and Bell and Howell Ampro, Victor, Kodascope, and Holmes 16-mm. projectors. In addition to receiving class room instruction students are required to perform the duties of an operator.

b. **Requirements:** MAT of 100; must have two years to serve under present enlistment contract or extension thereof or will extend such enlistment or re-enlist for the necessary number of years to become eligible.

c. **Length:** Eight (8) weeks.

d. **Quota:** One (1) per class at each school.

e. **Starting Interval:** Every four (4) weeks.

END

SINCE 1918

**A. M. BOLOGNESE
and SONS**

**TAILOR AND
HABERDASHER**

QUANTICO, VA.

PETER BAIN BELTS

Why take a chance?

**PASTEURIZED
MILK
is safe milk**

Delivery in Quantico, Virginia, by

FARMERS CREAMERY Co., Inc.
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA



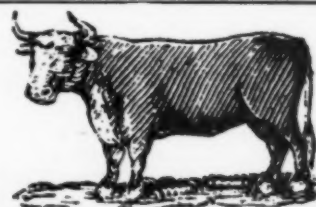
I. GOLDBERG & CO.

Outfitters to Marines for 26 Years

• Complete Stock
of Uniforms, Caps
and Accessories

Write for FREE Catalog

429 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA 6, PA.



There may be a meat shortage

but Marine beefs are still plentiful.

Top roasts and choice cuts will be

found in THE LEATHERNECK's

Sound Off column. You are invited

to join in the slaughter. If you

move you'll be missing the latest

Gyrene gripes unless you send us

your address — both old and new

— to: THE LEATHERNECK

Magazine, P.O. 1918, Washing-

ton 13, D. C.



VETERANS!

You Earned Your War Decorations
Now you can get them and keep them proudly
Here's your chance to get complete sets of authentic U.S. and foreign ribbons, professionally mounted by experts in proper official order. Kassan-Stein, licensed distributor, is maintaining

COMPLETE STOCKS OF EVERY AUTHORIZED U. S. RIBBON AND MINIATURE—
Plus More Than 300 Foreign Decorations.

THREE TYPES OF RIBBONS

Kwikset (uncovered ribbons mounted on clutch-bar).

Ever-Clean (protective plastic covering, mounted on clutch-bar).

Sew-on (uncovered ribbons reinforced with buckram, to sew on uniform).
Single Ribbon Bar, 50c; double, 75c; triple, \$1. Foreign ribbons, each 25c extra. Bronze stars, 10c; other attachments, 25c each additional.

CIVILIAN MINIATURES

Individual plastic-tinted, true reproductions of U. S. ribbons, with clutch-type fastener, 50c ea. Metal Multiples—bases for 1 to 6 "ribbons", mounted as single unit screw-back lapel button. Each "ribbon", 25c, plus 25c for base.

ORDERS FILLED SAME DAY RECEIVED

Postage prepaid. Enclose check or money order—or send for order blank. Your service serial number must be included (required by government regulation.)

KASSAN-STEIN • Dept. G
310 11th St., N. W., Washington 4, D. C.
★ Complete Military Outfitters ★

CASH or CREDIT
our Jewelry
is Always the Finest
No Extra Charge for Credit
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
or YOUR MONEY BACK



BOTH FOR \$55
LN202:—Matched set of two-tone—White and Yellow 14K Gold. White Gold sides of Engagement Ring and top of Wedding Ring engraved to give effect of being set with small Diamonds. Brilliant, genuine Diamond in Engagement Ring.
BOTH RINGS \$55.00

LN203:—14K Yellow Gold with 2 fine quality side Diamonds. "Star of Hope" centre is a delicately shaded blue genuine stone which reflects a 6 pointed star in direct light. \$69.75 Cash — OR — \$24.50 New — \$9.50 Monthly.



\$69.75
"STAR OF INDIA"
2 DIAMONDS



Pink Gold Filled Top 17 Jewels
Sweep Second Hand Waterproof
Luminous Dial Stainless Steel Buck

• New 1947 Wristwatch

VC202:—This Guaranteed, Dependable watch with a Genuine Leather strap. \$42.50 Cash OR \$18.50 Down — \$4.00 Monthly.

VC203:—Same watch as above with matching Expansion bracelet. \$49.50 Cash OR \$19.50 Down — \$5.00 Monthly.

ALL PRICES INCLUDE TAX
Send for Free Gift Catalog.

Post Jewelers
427 Flatbush Ext.
Brooklyn 1, N. Y.
"Where Every Promise is Kept"

SOUND OFF (continued from page 53)

FLAGS—HOW TO FLY THEM

Sirs:

I would like to know what publication shows different types of flags, pennants, boats, etc., and from whom it can be procured.

QMSgt. John Long
San Francisco, Calif.

• The Bluejackets' Manual probably is the publication you desire. Any Navy ship's service should have them.—Ed.

GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL TIME

Sirs:

I recently re-enlisted after doing four years and a four-year extension from 6 January, 1938, to 13 February, 1946. What do I rate in the line of Good Conduct Medal bars.

I hold a GCD for my second enlistment and a bar for my third and fourth enlistment. Any information you may be able to give me would be appreciated.

GySgt. Robert L. Sargant
Barstow, Calif.

• According to Letter of Instruction 1183, dated 21 November, 1945, any one discharged on 10 December, 1945, and thereafter, would come under these provisions: The award of Good Conduct Medals will be made for three-year periods of continuous active duty, provided there are no convictions by court martial or deck court and not more than two CO's punishments. The L of I further states that its provisions cover and include the period of service included in that record book now in use. Since your time dates back to 6 January, 1938, you are entitled to the GCM for the period from 6 January, 1938, to the 5 January, 1941, and two bars for the succeeding periods from 6 January, 1941, to the 5 January, 1947.—Ed.

RATES UPON RE-ENLISTMENT

Sirs:

In regard to Walter R. Breit's question as to reappointment to former rank upon re-enlistment, in the November issue of *Leatherneck*, you state that he will not be reappointed to his former rank of PFC upon re-enlistment. As you obviously have not seen the new Letter of Instruction No. 1343, dated 11 September, 1946, I respectfully refer you to paragraph 12, (2)(D), of this letter. In short, it states that he would have been appointed to his former rank of PFC, if he had re-enlisted before 1 January, 1947, with date of rank same as date of re-enlistment.

I could not resist writing to you about this, because I had to make a copy of this letter of instruction. It is approximately 15 stencils long.

I enjoy your Sound Off column very much. It is both interesting and informative.

Sgt. S. B. Swanson
Portland, Ore.

• When we went to press with the November issue, the LofI you refer to had not been issued. Thanks.—Ed.

DISCHARGE PROMOTIONS

Sirs:

In a recent issue of your magazine an article appeared concerning a letter of instruction which stated that all personnel in the sixth and seventh pay grades were to be promoted one pay grade upon discharge.

My discharge came through 8 June, 1946. Was the Letter of Instruction in effect at that time? I had made PFC in February of the same year and was discharged as a PFC.

Neal H. Coe
APO 343, San Francisco, Calif.

• The Letter of Instruction to which you refer is No. 1207. It authorized, upon discharge, the promotion of privates, who had had one year or more active duty with no offenses during the last year of their service, to the rank of PFC, and PFCs who had had two or more years active service with no offenses during their last two years, to rank of corporal. The letter was in effect at the time of your discharge. If you were not promoted upon discharge, it may have been because you did not meet some phase of the active duty requirement.—Ed.

RECONVERSION NOTE

Sirs:

I am an ex-Marine and have enjoyed our magazine for quite some time, both Stateside and overseas. But here is something I can't understand. WHY do you utilize page after page with pictures of "bathing beauties," such as the ones in the July issue (reference to an article entitled *Beauty and the Beach* by Corp. Leonard Riblett—Ed.) when what we want most is news of ex-Marines, present organizations and their activities?

May we have more and better *Leathernecks*.

C. E. Rhodes

San Antonio, Tex.

• *Beauty and the Beach* was a departure, not very well received, that will not be further pursued.—Ed.

TEEN-AGE APPRECIATION

Sirs:

I would like to tell you how glad I am that there is a magazine like *Leatherneck*. I am very fond of the Marines and the magazine helps keep me up-to-date with the Corps.

I'm proud to say my uncle, ex-Corporal William Herbst, served with the Seventh Marines, First Division, and I have a cousin who served in the Women's Reserve. If I were 20 instead of 16½ years old, I, too, would have enlisted in the WRs.

Thanks for the use of Sound Off to express my appreciation.
Winona May Hupfeld
Baltimore 14, Md.

WHAT PRICE TRAINING



STUDY with the Marine Corps Institute can be mighty valuable to you . . . yet it doesn't cost a cent. Textbooks and instruction service are furnished free of charge . . . and you study in your spare time wherever you're stationed.

This is the route to becoming a trained man—an expert—in any vocation of your choice. Such training helps you to advance to higher pay grades—or prepares you for a good job when you change to civvies.

M. C. I. is your institute—ready to serve you. All you have to do is ask for an enrolment blank.

Here are a few of the courses you may study

Accountancy—C. P. A.	Practical Electrician
Aeronautical Engr.	RADIO—General—
Automobile	Operating—
Aviation Mechanics	Servicing
Bookkeeping	Reading Shop
Civil Engineering	Blueprints
Diesel Engines	Refrigeration
Drawing	Stenographic—
High School Subjects	Secretarial
LANGUAGES—French—	Surveying and
Good English—	Mapping
Spanish	Toolmaking
Machine Shop	WELDING—Gas
Mathematics	and Electric

For enrolment application blanks and full information, write now to—

U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I.C.S. dedicates the above message.

Insignia and Equipment
of Quality



always identifiable by
the H-H eagle trademark



More Marine Corps officers wear insignia bearing the H-H trademark than all others combined. There must be good reasons for this overwhelming preference.

On sale at licensed dealers, post exchanges and ship service stores only.

HILBORN - HAMBURGER, INC.
15 East 34th Street • New York 16, N. Y.

REPRODUCED BY
U. S. GOVT. • U. S. GOVT. PRINTING OFFICE • U. S. GOVT. PRINTING OFFICE

TURN PAGE



NOW

..... more than ever before, you are certain to find coming issues of *The Leatherneck* of special interest. Today, as in the colorful, historic past, men of the Corps continue to man the far-flung posts that have become famous in fact and fiction. To bring firsthand, thoroughly interesting stories of overseas life in peacetime to its readers, *The Leatherneck* has assigned a top-notch writer and photographer to visit these stations to give you highly descriptive word-pictures as seen through their capable eyes. Think of it—a visit to a different overseas camp with each issue of your *Leatherneck* during the coming year.

No matter who you are or where you are—you are eligible to be one of our monthly readers. Insure yourself of constant reading enjoyment during the coming year by using the handy coupon below.

Don't delay—ACT NOW, and join the thousands that get *The Leatherneck* promptly through the mail each month. ONLY \$2.00 FOR 12 BIG ISSUES.

About

For
By

MARINES



The Leatherneck Magazine

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

I enclose \$_____ as payment in full for:
(please check)

4 Yrs.	3 Yrs.	2 Yrs.	1 Yr.
\$6.00	\$4.75	\$3.50	\$2.00

Full Name _____

Address _____

Clip and mail to *THE LEATHERNECK*
P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

STRAIGHTENING THINGS OUT

Sirs:

The information that I am about to give you has been on my mind for quite some time. As your column has so often pointed out in the last few months, I am not an ex-Marine but rather a Marine retired to inactive duty with the rank of corporal. Therefore, I feel that I have the right to sound off.

In your June issue you had a very fine article on the "Sailing of the Tarawa," but you slipped up on a few points. You stated that the correspondents aboard the ship were all former combat correspondents. This definitely was not true. Sidney Epstein, a former lieutenant, never was a combat correspondent in the Corps, nor to the best of my knowledge, was he ever in the Tarawa campaign. He was the battalion adjutant of the 11th 155-mm. Gun Battalion of the Fifth Amphibious Corps and also H&S Battery commander, to whose outfit I was attached. He had never been in combat previous to the time that our battalion and the 5th Howitzer Battalion sailed for the Leyte, P. I., engagement in September of 1944. I don't want to steal any man's thunder but would like to keep the facts straight. I was with Mr. Epstein too long to forget him that fast. This statement can be borne out by any of the old gang in our wire section for that matter.

Also in your article in the June issue, "Camp Tarawa Post War," when Keith Wheeler went back to the old camp on Hawaii, T. H. (the big island) and lived over the days when the Second and Fifth Divisions trained there, let it not be forgotten that the Fifth Amphibious Corps Artillery trained there also. We ate the same red dust, froze in the same cold air at morning roll call, showered in the same cold mountain water and took liberties in the same towns. Let's put a little red paint on the town pump for the boys of the old Fifth Corps Arty. We may not have been the biggest outfit there but I know we were one of the best.

You are doing a swell job with the magazine. Keep it up.

Jack G. Garland
Wausau, Wis.

• *Enlisting in May of 1942, Epstein became a combat correspondent after leaving boot camp. His first tour of duty was in Trinidad. He was sent to OCS in May of 1943. The writer of "Camp Tarawa, Postwar" was not Keith Wheeler. It was Keyes Beech. It appeared in the July issue, not June. We're all for keeping the facts straight.* — Ed.

TWO "MELATHON'S IN TIENTSIN"

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the November *Leatherneck* and couldn't wait any longer to write and thank you for Sergeant John W. Chapman's delightfully humorous account of his "Melathon in Tientsin" (this story told of four Marines who battled through a 21-course Chinese meal which consisted of everything from baked chicken heads to octopus egg soup. — Ed.) The reason it caught my fancy is that, I, too, survived the same ordeal at the very same

place—in the rear of the Foo Hsiang Department Store, while serving with Company L, First Marines.

The father of Gizmo, our (Second platoon's) number one boy, was a traveling salesman for Foo Hsiang. He cordially invited me and one of my buddies "to a real Chinese dinner for being so good to Gizmo." PFC Larkin of I-3-1 and I arrived for dinner as scheduled. From there on our story follows very closely that of Sergeant Chapman. I'll bet Larkin is still chuckling over the affair. If he reads this I would like to hear from him, or any of my old "L" Company buddies. I live at 2310 Carson St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Edward W. Allen
Pittsburgh, Pa.

MEANING OF THE FOURRAGERS

Sirs:

So many of the things we take as commonplace today have quite a history behind them. Recently I was struck that the Fourragers awarded to our Fifth and Sixth Marine Regiments by France in World War I, and to a few Army units during World War II, must have a history. Can you tell me how it originated and if it has always had the same meaning as today?

Burton Kinney
Little Rock, Ark.

• *The fourragers, worn now as a mark of honor, had a gruesome origin as a symbol of almost certain death. One of Napoleon's generals in the Spanish campaign, disgusted with the behavior of his troops, is said to have given them their choice of redeeming themselves or being hanged. As a reminder, they were ordered to drape a rope around their necks, with a gallows spike serving as a brooch. The troops showed such bravery in subsequent actions that they continued to wear the rope and spike as a symbol of their heroism.* — Ed.

HOLDING OUT ON THE ARMY

Sirs:

I'd like to put in two cents' worth of Sound Off. I've been hearing a lot lately about these soldiers who are trying to belittle the accomplishments of the Marine Corps and it gets a bit disgusting. I fought with the Marines in this last war and am proud of them. After seven months of civilian life, I joined the Army just to see what that part of the service was like. The Marines will always stand first in my book.

Here's hoping to see you in two more years when my present enlistment is up and I'm back into the best outfit in the world.

PS—Withhold my name and address because I'd be up on the carpet for sure if the doggies got a whiff of this.

Once a Marine,
always a Marine
Atlanta, Ga.



FIRECRACKERS OR LEAD

Sirs:
I have just finished reading the July issue of *Leatherneck* and as usual, I enjoyed it very much. One thing got me, however, that was the cover. It showed Chinese kids shooting firecrackers at a Marine. Over here that gave all of us a big laugh.

A picture of some "gooks" throwing lead and "potato mashers" at a convoy, or shooting an unarmed Marine would be more appropriate. I suppose if we were back in the States the cover would be a lot funnier...

PFC Harry Wugalter
Tientsin, China.

HOT AIR CORPS BLASTED

Sirs:
I don't think I would have been so anxious to get my October issue of *Leatherneck* if I had known of the article by Sgt. Johnston, entitled "The Hot Air Corps." Of course everyone is entitled to his opinion, freedom of the press, etc.; but I don't think the article should ever have been published. And, surely not in the *Leatherneck*.

I used to pass my copy along to civilian friends, but I can't pass this one to them. I am a retired Marine and like to talk about the places I have been. But not for the purpose of skulking beer off anyone; I have more respect for myself than that. If I want a beer I go out and buy it. So did all of the many fine officers, NCOs and privates that I spent so many years with in the Corps.

I could write many articles about some of the people that came into the service during the war. Some by special request, others of their own free will. Some of those old fogies your correspondent writes about, with the 40- and 50-inch waists, gave these younger men the benefit of their long years of service. The fact that they had charged through the jungles of many lands helped quite a bit in World War II, didn't it?

All of those "Skis" and others your scribe wrote about came from many lands to help make this nation of ours. I was born in Ireland and am proud of it. Dan Daly's folks and many other fine Marines were also of foreign extraction and most of them were a credit to the Corps. Just read the honor roll and see for yourself...

I feel that I am qualified to talk on things of a military nature as I served in the British Army from 1904-11, U. S. Army 1912-16 and the U. S. Marine Corps 1917-44.

MGySgt. Edward Conwill
Dunedin, Fla.

● *Certainly no offense was meant. The story was not only about, but part of the Hot Air Corps.* — Ed.

SECOND AIR WING PATCHES

Sirs:
We are a couple of Marines stationed at Cherry Point who have never seen any action. Some of the things fellows just like us are doing here really burns us up. There are a number of new Marines here who have never seen any action, either, and who are illegally wearing the Second Air Wing patch. These men are unrightfully taking the credit of men who rate the patch. Why don't such people leave this privilege to the men who deserve it.

Two Marines
Cherry Point, N. C.

● *If our interpretation of Lofl 918 (22Dec44) is correct, men who have joined the Second Air Wing since its return Stateside do not rate the patch. Paragraph 3(b)1 says that permanently based units of the FMF in the United States do not rate a patch.* — Ed.

"WHERE'S THE CHAPLAIN?"

Sirs:
I am a regular follower of your magazine and take a personal interest in the pages devoted to Sound Off. I have never entered a gripe in your magazine before, but what has happened in this First Division which I am doing duty with in North China has to be gotten off my chest before I blow my top.

It concerns too many rates! It wasn't so long ago that a rate just wasn't given out unless a man did something to earn it. At one time, a PFC rate required a test and high marking from training instructors recorded in the individual's record book. When a man was put up for this rate, he was hitting on 18 to 20 months service. And when a man was put up for corporal, he had seen at least two and a half years with a mind developed in the ways of military tactics. As for the ranks of buck sergeant or staff, well, a guy just didn't know that much at the end of his first cruise.

When rates were on this schedule, you could easily understand why a sergeant in the Marine Corps was head and shoulders above a sergeant of equal rank in the Army. But now this system has been thrown aside and forgotten. The Old Corps is dead. Here is the new one, and judging from the type of kids that we have now, you can have it.

What does it take to make PFC today? Four or five months of service with a clean record book does it. There isn't any test; the rate is just handed out to you. Now a corporal's test—well, that's pretty hard. You must have nine months in, know your general orders and things like how many rounds will an M-1 hold. After you make corporal, you have to stick it out for two or three months before you can advance to a buck.

Ah! But platoon sergeant is the hard one. It is impossible for anyone who has under a year's service to make the grade.

Those who read this are probably doubting my word already. Now let's have the facts. A certain line company in the Second Battalion, 7th Marines, doing guard duty on the Peiping-Mukden railroad, promoted 180 PFCs to corporals out of a company of 220 Marines. There was a certain lad with 11 months in, doing duty in the regimental galley, who was promoted to field cook. He had been an acting cook for five months. Two men were taken off the railroad after the wicked count of 13 months service, to go to the Seventh's headquarters to take the test for platoon sergeant. I guess they won't stop until they make all of them generals.

Now I have eight more lousy months to close out this hitch. Believe me when I say here is one sucker who is securing the Corps. This isn't a Marine Corps, it's a Boy Scout outfit.

I'm not asking you to print this—I'm daring you.

A future civilian
First Division
North China

END

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING— (OR IS IT?)

BY GROUCHO MARX

WHAT do you want to save up a lot of money for? You'll never need the stuff.

Why, just think of all the wonderful, wonderful things you can do *without* money. Things like—well, things like—

On second thought, you'd better keep on saving, chum. Otherwise you're licked.

For instance, how are you ever going to build that Little Dream House, with-



out a trunk full of moolah? You think the carpenters are going to work free? Or the plumbers? Or the architects? Not those lads. They've been around. They're no dopes.

And how are you going to send that kid of yours to college, without the folding stuff?

Maybe you think he can work his way through by playing the flute.

If so, you're crazy. (Only three students have ever worked their way through college by playing the flute.



And they had to stop eating for four years.)

And how are you going to do that world-traveling you've always wanted to do? Maybe you think you can stoke your way across, or scrub decks. Well,



that's no good. I've tried it. It interferes with shipboard romances.

So—all seriousness aside—you'd better keep on saving, pal.

Obviously the best way is by continuing to buy U. S. Savings Bonds—through the Payroll Plan.



They're safe and sound. Old Uncle Sam *personally* guarantees your investment. And he never fobbed off a bum I.O.U. on anybody.

You get four bucks back for every three you put in. And that ain't hay, alfalfa, or any other field-grown product.



Millions of Americans—smart cookies all—have found the Payroll Plan the easiest and best way to save.

So stick with the Payroll Plan, son—and you can't lose.

**SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS
THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS**

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation
with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.





Handsome INSIGNIA RINGS

Exact copies of Shoulder-Patches in Colors!

Your outfit's Insignia shown in official COLORS! Thousands of Overseas Veterans wear these "Buddy" Insignia Rings and prefer them to discharge buttons. Every ring hand-crafted of finest quality. Rings now available for all Marine Divisions (also sea-going insignia). Money back at once if ring does not satisfy you.

SOLID STERLING \$6 • 18K NATURAL \$30

SILVER RING ALL taxes and delivery. No C.O.D.

Price includes ALL taxes and delivery. No C.O.D.

For ring size send string loop that fits finger.

LANDSEAIR SERVICE Dept. L. 10 Murray St. New York 7, N. Y.

Representatives Wanted

Thousands of Marines!

Today, thousands of Marines have been listed as "missing" on the subscription files of *The Leatherneck Magazine*—just because they changed their address without cutting us in on the scoop.

That means they're missing some mighty swell issues coming up. Missing some top-notch stories about their old buddies, old outfits, old operations! Yes, missing magazines they've already bought and paid for!

So—if you're one of those "missing Marines"—give us a chance to mail out your copies. It's easy! Merely send your address—both old and new—to: *THE LEATHERNECK MAGAZINE*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington, 13, D. C. It will take only a minute, yet will bring you reading hours of enjoyment. Hurry before you miss any more copies!

NAUSEA



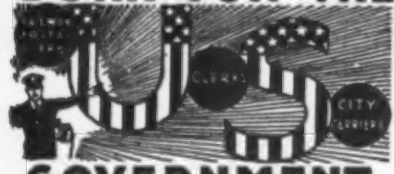
If you suffer discomfort from morning nausea, or when traveling by air, sea or on land—try

Mothersills

Used for over a third of a century as a valuable aid in preventing and relieving all forms of nausea. A trial will prove its effectiveness and reliability. At druggists.

MOTHERSILL'S, 424 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y.

WORK FOR THE



GOVERNMENT START

\$1,756 to \$3,021 YEAR

THOUSANDS OF PERMANENT APPOINTMENTS NOW BEING MADE

Veterans Get Preference

MEN—WOMEN

Postoffice Clerks, Carriers, Railway Postal Clerks, Clerks

Stenographers-Typists, Many Other Jobs

PREPARE IMMEDIATELY

Common Education Often Sufficient

Mail Coupon TODAY



FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. 566

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Rush to me FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay jobs. Send FREE 32-page book describing salaries, vacations, hours, work. Tell me how to prepare for one of these jobs.

Name.....

Address..... Vet?.....

Gyrene Gyngles

THE SCOOP

If you're going to leave the service, we'll teach you how to be A fine upstanding citizen in your community. Now before you get your discharge, you really must prepare. For there'll be no superior officer to do your thinking there.

Be sure and see your draft board within a ten-day span. For if you fail to do so, they'll throw you in the can. Until you reach your journey's end, your uniform you may wear, Or for a period of 90 days, if sooner you don't reach there.

From the point where you are discharged to the place you hang your hat, You will get five cents a mile—you can't complain of that. You'll get a discharge button, in your lapel to wear, And a Marine Corps button to show that you served there.

You will get three hundred dollars after date of your discharge, But if you served not overseas, the payment's not so large. Sixty days of Stateside duty, two hundred bucks will net. Less than sixty days of service, a hundred's all you'll get.

Should you keep your life insurance? Let me tell you this, If you hold that NSI, my friend, you'll never go amiss. Keep it on a term basis until you're squared away. Then convert to whatever type you can best afford to pay.

See the USES representative if it's a job you seek, And until you've found a suitable spot, draw your twenty bucks a week. If you held a permanent position, and the place is still intact, Just fulfill all requirements, and you'll rate the old job back.

If you were ever wounded, had moo-moo, the bug, or such, Be sure and file a pension claim, if it affects you much. If you're approved for a pension, and are drawing some long green, You can take your school or training under Public Law 16.

Have you thought about your schooling and how it would help your status? You get a month for each month's service, plus an added 12 months gratis. You are given your tuition, plus the cost of books and fees, And receive pay for subsistence, while working toward degrees.

In case you lean toward mechanics, and would like to learn a trade, The G.I. Bill has fixed it to help you up the grade, By providing apprentice training, where you can work your way And draw a subsistence allowance in addition to your pay.

If you want to own a business, or a house that's neat See about a G.I. loan, it really can't be beat,

The Government pays the interest for a year on its guarantees, And the carrying charge is 4 per cent, including all the fees.

The G.I. benefits set forth in this dedication, Are controlled and governed by the Veterans Administration. Their contact representative will be glad to talk with you And assist with any problem which he is able to.

Prior to your discharge, you will have an interview, With an Occupational Technician, an experienced 262. When you see him, do not fail to freely all your problems state. It's his job to assist you, and to help you rehabilitate.

Should you feel the inclination, certain benefits to preserve, You may do so by enlisting in the inactive reserve, And if the prospects don't look bright, or you don't wind up in clover, Bear this in mind, and heed it, you've 90 days for shipping over.

— Philip N. Brownstein

GI HOUSEWIFE

Sowing wild oats, kid, Is all well and good; But here's a reet kit Aimed to sew as you should.

— PFC LEE R. HAYMAN
East Cleveland, Ohio

THE MARINES

The Marines, the Marines, those blasted Gyrenes, Those seagoing bellhops, those brass-button queens, Oh! How they pat their own backs, write stories in reams, All in praise of themselves—the U. S. Marines.

The Marines, the Marines, those publicity fiends, They built all the forests, turned on all the streams, Discontent with the earth, they say heaven's scenes, Are guarded by— you guessed it—the U. S. Marines.

The moon never beams, except when the Marines Give it permission to turn on its gleams, And the tide never rises, the wind never screams, Unless authorized by the U. S. Marines.

The Marines, the Marines, in their khaki and greens, Or pretty blue panties, red stripes down their seams; They thought all the thoughts, dreamed all the dreams, Singing "The Song of Myself"—the U. S. Marines.

They grab all the gravy away from the Navy, All they leave the poor sailors are beans. The Army gripes likewise 'bout those leatherneck guys, 'Cause they wish that they all were Marines.

— Earl J. Wilson

FLIGHT NURSE

Born on mercy's silver wings, Into the darksome pit of night, She laughs at fate To cheat the grim and grasping Hand of death And lift the brave From off The bloodied breast of earth That feels The anguished breath.

When from these days We turn To walk with pride Among our fellow men, And when The tools of war Are cast aside, We will recall The loveliness that walked The pathway of the stars To dry the tears of pain And there, by Heaven's grace, Reweave with gentle care The threads of life That men might home again From out this tortured place.

Upon the brilliant scroll Where we inscribe The golden deeds And laurels won, May there be writ The humble phrase, The gloried words— "Well done!"

— MAJOR JOHN E. ESTABROOK
Cherry Point, N. C.

TO THE MORNING AFTER

What's that rasping sound I hear? What's that grating, loud and clear? 'Tis the palms that swing and sway As the breezes pass their way. Never heard the sound before— Now it makes a frightful roar.

What's that crashing through the sky Like a plane is passing by? 'Tis a bird whose beating wings Sound of thunder earthward flings. Do not drop that pin, my friend. (Surely, this must be the end.) Lift my head and let me see All the things grown dear to me.

Lightly tread across the floor. Pull the shade and close the door. 'Til these noises leave my head— Guess I'd better go to bed.

— MAJOR JOHN E. ESTABROOK
Cherry Point, N. C.



END

The Leatherneck

BOOKSHOP

The following pages contain a list of books especially selected from the catalogues of leading book publishers as a handy

guide for those interested in good reading. Latest best sellers and popular favorites in both fiction and non-fiction are represented.

Order books by number using form on page 64.

MILITARY BOOKS

- SEMPER FIDELIS** 132
An anthology of stories, sketches and photographs—all by combat correspondents of the Marine Corps—vividly portraying the part the Corps played in the Pacific war. \$3.50
- TARAWA** 102
By Robert Sherwood. A stirring, accurate account of bloody Battle. \$2.00
- THE MARINE CORPS READER** 103
By Lieutenant Colonel Clyde Metcalf. A collection of the best short writings about the Corps from Parris Island to the Marshalls. \$3.00
- BOOT** 104
By Corporal Gilbert Bailey. This book gives an honest, personal account of the whole grueling process of becoming a Marine. \$2.50
- BATTLE STATIONS.** 133
Told by the admirals of the Fleet and generals of the Marine Corps. Over 500 pictures help to tell the story of naval action from Pearl Harbor to the treaty-signing in Tokyo Bay. \$2.95
- THE ISLAND** 107
By Captain H. L. Merrill. A history of the First Marine Division on Guadalcanal. \$3.00
- FRONT LINE INTELLIGENCE** 134
By Lt. Col. Stedman Chandler and Col. Robert W. Robb. Told in "Soldier-American," the story of military intelligence as the man in the trench and foxhole knew it. \$2.50
- FAR EAST REPORT** 135
By Major Franklin H. Joseph. A 30,000 mile flight to nearly every American base in the Pacific Ocean and the Far East, and what the author saw. Generously illustrated. \$2.00
- WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE MARINE CORPS** 114
By Captain John H. Craigie. What the citizen should know about the U. S. Marine Corps. \$2.50
- MARINES AT WAR** 116
By Aimee Crane. The paintings and sketches in this book are work of Marines. \$3.00
- BETIO BEACHHEAD** 117
Introduction by General Holcomb. Summary by General Vandegrift. U. S. Marines' own story of the battle for Tarawa. Seventy-two pages of official photographs. \$2.50
- THEY MADE ME A LEATHERNECK** 118
By Rowland Vance. Out of his 20 weeks' training at Quantico, Vance recounts in straight unvarnished terms how they made him a Marine. \$2.00
- AND A FEW MARINES** 119
By Colonel John W. Thomson, Jr. Here are undoubtedly some of the best stories ever written about the Marines. \$3.00
- IWO JIMA** 120
By Captain Raymond Henri. Complete 15,000-word report by an on-the-spot observer. Ninety combat photographs tell this story. \$0.75
- U.S. MARINES ON IWO JIMA** 122
By Five Marine Correspondents. Official, complete story of Marines on Iwo Jima. Recital of the exploits of individual Marines, names of those who died, photographs, maps, drawings. \$3.50

MILITARY BOOKS

- FIRST TO FIGHT** 123
By Captain William P. McCahill. This is a factual story of the U. S. Marine Corps on land, at sea, and in the air, told by one of its members. \$2.00
- THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN SECRET INTELLIGENCE** 136
By George S. Pettie. A professional intelligence agent makes a study of the espionage and propaganda problems of the present and future. \$2.00
- FROM OMAHA TO OKINAWA** 125
By William Bradford Huie. The robust, eye-witness story of the Seabees at war. \$2.75
- UNCOMMON VALOR** 127
By Six Marine Combat Correspondents. A history of each of the six Marine Divisions which fought in the Pacific. \$3.00
- NIGHT CLIMB** 137
By Frank Harper. The story of the skiing 10th Division (U.S.A.), of its battles in the snow-filled valley of the Po. \$2.50
- ISLAND VICTORY** 138
By S. L. A. Marshall. A history of the Seventh Infantry Division (U.S.A.) and its adventures on Kwajalein Island. \$2.00
- YOUR MARINE CORPS IN WORLD WAR II** 130
A tribute to the Marines of World War II in pictures. Leatherette cover. \$4.50
- GENERAL MARSHALL'S REPORT: THE WINNING OF THE WAR IN EUROPE AND THE PACIFIC** 157a
By George C. Marshall. Summary of the achievements of the Armies of the United States on all fronts, includes a great deal of material on weapons, tactics, etc. \$1.00
- OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS PHOTOS**
Set of 20 Pictures.
Major Operations on Saipan, Guadalcanal, Cape Gloucester, Tarawa, Guam, Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Tinian, New Georgia, Peleliu, Bougainville, Iwo Jima, Okinawa. (Size 4"x5" glossy prints.) Order sets by name, or write for complete listing. \$1.20
- MILITARY STAFF: ITS HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT** 512
Historic significance of the military staff—how it works, how it developed—staff doctrine of modern allies—a survey from early eras to the present. \$2.00
- PATTON AND HIS THIRD ARMY** 708
By Colonel Brenton G. Wallace. The story of the powerful Third Army and its amazing leader during World War II. \$3.00
- TOP SECRET** 707
By Ralph Ingersoll. The uncensored, inside story of how the generals planned and ran the invasion of Europe and the battle of Germany. \$3.00
- WRITTEN IN SAND** 31a
By Josephine Young Case. A bizarre and touching moment in American history which all of us will want to remember. This novel is based on the first invasion of North Africa, more than 100 years before General Clark, when General Eaton tried to suppress the Barbary pirates. \$2.00
- ROBINSON CRUSOE, USN** 62a
By Blake Clark. The adventures of George Tweed on Jap-held Guam. \$2.75

MILITARY BOOKS

- GREEN ARMOR** 63a
By Osmar White. This is the story of the jungle and the sea, of man against nature, of man against man. \$3.00
- "THINK IT OVER, MATE"** 71a
By Lou Givvin USMCR. Rocks and Shoals written to be understood by any enlisted man. \$1.25
- UP FRONT** 108a
By Bill Mauldin. Over 100 cartoons by this cartoonist as well as a running story of his observations and experiences at the front. \$3.00
- BRAVE MEN** 35a
By Ernie Pyle. The last book by America's beloved war correspondent, who loved and understood the men who had to fight. \$3.00
- HERE IS YOUR WAR** 27b
By Ernie Pyle. A full-length, deeply human portrait of the American soldier in action. \$3.00
- THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL** 47b
By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. The story of a Marine combat unit in the Pacific—the experiences of the Third Marine Division. \$3.00
- CORAL COMES HIGH** 187a
By George P. Hunt. A true and gripping battle story. The account of what happened to the author and his company during the initial stages of the Peleliu invasion. \$2.00
- NEW INFANTRY DRILL REGULATIONS** 25e
U.S.A. \$0.50
- RIOT CONTROL** 23e \$0.25
- THE CADENCE SYSTEM OF TEACHING CLOSE ORDER DRILL** 26e \$0.25
- MAP READING FOR THE SOLDIER** 200
A complete course including a work map. \$1.00
- DO OR DIE** 201
By Colonel A. J. D. Biddle. A manual on individual combat. Colonel Biddle has combined the best principles of attack and defense in bayonet, knife fighting, Ju Jitsu and boxing. \$1.00
- MODERN JUDO** 202
By Charles Yerkow. The complete manual of close combat. Basic and advanced techniques. \$3.00
- AMMUNITION** 400
By Melvin M. Johnson, Jr. and Charles T. Haven. Its history, development and use. 1600-1943—.22 to 8.8. Cap to 40-mm. Shell. \$5.00
- AUTOMATIC ARMS** 402
By Melvin M. Johnson, Jr. and Charles T. Haven. Their history, development and use. \$5.00
- MACHINE GUNNER'S HANDBOOK** 403
By Colonel Charles H. Coats. With a chapter on LMG, the cal. 50 MG, the 81-mm. mortar and other useful material for the soldier. \$0.50
- THE STORY OF WEAPONS AND TACTICS** 402
By Tom Wintringham. That nation fights best which best understands war. This book has one aim: to show us all how war is made. From Troy to Stalingrad. \$2.25

MILITARY BOOKS

- STILL TIME TO DIE** 10a
By Jack Belden. An account, fearless, moving and true, of how men feel who go through battle in China, Africa, and Europe. \$3.00
- WE DROPPED THE A-BOMB** 139
By Marie Miller and Abe Spitzer. The first eye-witness account of what happened over Hiroshima and Nagasaki told by the radio operator of the "Great Artists," one of the three planes which flew on these history-making missions. \$2.00
- ON TO WESTWARD** 165a
By Robert Sherard. This is the first uncensored story of the Central Pacific campaign. \$3.00
- A RIBBON AND A STAR** 140a
By John Monks, Jr. The dramatist served with the Marines through the Bougainville campaign. Illustrated with 34 full-page drawings by John Falter, noted Saturday Evening Post artist. \$2.75
- AL SCHMID MARINE** 147a
By Roger Butterfield. This is the story of Sergeant Al Schmid, who never intended to be a hero. In many ways he was a typical American boy that you would find in the industrial section of Philadelphia. \$2.00
- HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II** 150a
By Francis T. Miller. A complete history including signed statements by Eisenhower, Nimitz, Vandegrift, MacArthur, King, Arnold and others. \$6.00
- AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES** 61a
By Ira Wolfert. This is the story of Lieutenant I. D. Richardson, USNR, and his exploits with the natives who fought the Japs. \$2.75
- BASIC MANUAL OF MILITARY SMALL ARMS** 404
The new revised edition. \$3.00
- RIFLES AND MACHINE GUNS** 405
By M. M. Johnson, Jr. A modern handbook of infantry and Aircraft arms. \$5.00

POPULAR FAVORITES

- THE AERODROME** 50b
By Rex Warner. A novel of the future, of what might and could happen to an English village, and its men and women. \$2.50
- THE FOXES OF HARROW** 185a
By Frank Yerby. Stephen Fox gambled a pearl stick-pin for the dream of power—and won. This story is charged with blood and fire, with strife and warfare and the clash of races. \$3.00
- THE KING'S GENERAL** 177a
By Daphne DuMaurier. Honor Harris, so injured as a girl that she never walked again, and the King's General in the West, resentful, proud, bitter to the end. \$2.75
- THIEVES IN THE NIGHT** 51b
By Arthur Koestler. From the fact of his own observation, the author has built a compelling picture of the Palestine Experiment. \$2.75
- THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL** 155a
By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Sweeping novel of our good neighbors to the south. The effect of social change on three generations of an aristocratic Mexican family. \$2.75
- THE HUCKSTERS** 52b
By Frederic Wakeman. From the same pen that produced "Shore Leave" comes a striking exposition of radio, its advertising, and the men who run it. \$2.50
- LYDIA BAILEY** 53b
By Kenneth Roberts. First new book in six years by America's foremost historical novelist. \$3.00
- TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC** 54b
By James A. Michener. An American naval officer, a frequent traveler through the Pacific Islands, tells fast-moving yarns of the men and women who fought the war in that area. \$3.00
- THREE O'CLOCK DINNER** 149a
By Josephine Pinckney. A novel of two women and the scandal that threw them together in a warm and witty story of family conflict. \$1.00
- NOT IN THE STARS** 131a
By Josiah E. Greene. This is a long, panoramic novel of a single community. Once more we are brought to see that when fear is motivating human beings they become small and cruel; that with hope men can work miracles. \$3.00

POPULAR FAVORITES

- THE EGG AND I** 171a
By Betty MacDonald. The universal dream of buying a little farm and getting away from it all is humorously but firmly dispelled in this delightful story. \$3.00
- NORTHWEST PASSAGE** 65a
By Kenneth Roberts. Rogers' Rangers against the French and Indians. Discovery of the route across America to the Pacific. Still a current favorite. \$3.00
- NEW ORLEANS WOMAN** 58b
By Harriet T. Kane. A fiery biography of the most hated woman in New Orleans—and the loveliest. \$2.75
- CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE** 45a
By Samuel Shalabarger. Thrilling adventure in Spain and Mexico. A picture of the New World unfolding before the sword of Cortes. Finest adventure story since "Anthony Adverse." \$1.00
- B. F.'S DAUGHTER** 55b
By John P. Marquand. An established novelist does it again. The story of a woman with beauty, brains, and money. \$2.75
- FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS** 15b
By Ernest Hemingway. A magnificent romance of human nature, a triumph for the novelist. \$1.00
- RICKSHAW BOY** 107a
By Lou Shaw. Powerful story of a China few Americans know—about a China toiling, sweating, loving, suffering, and laughing, too, whenever it can. \$1.00
- ASK NO QUARTER** 49a
By George Marsh. Sea stories of the New England Coast and pirate trips to the West Indies. \$1.00
- THAT GIRL FROM MEMPHIS** 57a
By Wilbur Steele. "The Kansas Kid" in a vigorous novel of a Western mining town. \$1.00
- PAVILION OF WOMEN** 56b
By Pearl S. Buck. A book of China, a Chinese matriarch, her loves and her family. \$3.00
- NEW STORIES FOR MEN** 41a
Six hundred and forty page selection—humor, sports, and mystery stories. \$1.49
- THE SHORT STORIES OF JAMES T. FARRELL** 67a
Fifty-one stories and a novelette by author of "Studs Lonigan." \$1.49
- \$1,000 A WEEK AND 16 OTHER NEW SHORT STORIES** 13b
By James T. Farrell. Seventeen compromising stories brilliantly told by America's master realist. \$1.00
- RHUBARB** 57b
By H. Allen Smith. The biographer of zanies has created a cat who inherited a million dollars and a baseball team. \$1.00
- ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORTS** 22a
By Frank Menke. Invaluable information on 108 sports and associations related to them. \$3.50

SPORTS

- LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE** 190a
By Joe DiMaggio. A simply-told stirring story of a boy who became one of the great ball players of our time. \$1.00 (paper), \$1.00 (cloth)
- SPORTS EXTRA** 21a
Edited by Stanley Frank. The author has gathered in this book some of the famous stories which have made the sports pages of the American newspaper the favorite reading of millions. \$2.75
- ESQUIRE'S FIRST SPORTS READER** 83a
Edited by Herb Graffis. This cavalcade of sports includes writings of sports' headlines. \$2.75
- MACDOUGAL ON DICE AND CARDS** 89a
Modern rules, odds, hints, and warnings for Craps, Poker, Gin Rummy and Black Jack. \$1.00
- OSWALD JACOBY ON POKER** 90a
How to play a winning game. \$1.50

CHILLS and THRILLS

- SIX NOVELS OF THE SUPERNATURAL** 20a
Six complete books jammed with the spookiest of spooks. \$2.50
- GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND SUPERNATURAL** 13a
The most complete and hair-raising collection of ghost stories and tales ever assembled. Masterpieces of horror-writing. \$2.95
- THREE OF A KIND** 33b
By James M. Cain. Violent deeds and violent emotions—passion and murder. \$1.00
- PERRY MASON OMNIBUS** 37b
By Earle S. Gardner. Two Perry Masons in one cover. "The Case of the Shoplifter's Shoe" and "The Case of the Dangerous Dowager." \$1.00

POST WAR PLANNING

- HOW TO START YOUR OWN BUSINESS** 95a
By Walter F. Shaw and E. W. Kay. Authoritative, complete manual on how to proceed at every step in choosing, locating, financing, and operating your own small business successfully. \$2.00
- A SMALL STORE AND INDEPENDENCE** 96a
By David B. Greenberg and Henry Schindoll. A practical guide to successful retailing. \$2.00
- FIVE ACRES AND INDEPENDENCE** 47a
By M. G. Kains. A practical guide to the selection and management of the small farm. \$2.50
- IF THE PROSPECT PLEASES** 98a
By Ladd Haystead. The West the guidebooks never mention. \$2.50

LEATHERNECK BOOKSHOP

(Use This Form to Order Books)

LEATHERNECK BOOKSHOP P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

Enclosed is \$..... for the following books:

Book No.	Price	Book No.	Price
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

NAME AND ADDRESS (Print).....

Two perfect answers to the \$64 QUESTION



... and they're both **EVERSHARP!**

Did you ever see a handsomer pair... than this **EVERSHARP** Skyliner Set? Or a pen and pencil that do more for your writing?

EVERSHARP's big, 14-karat gold Magic Point personalizes your handwriting—with a variety of line and shading that makes your signature *you!* And writes so

smoothly, it's actually *silent*. Magic Feed prevents ink flooding high in a plane... so of course at ground level, too.

Matching Repeater Pencil Feeds new points like a machine gun. Sets, designed in gem-like plastic, available in dubonnet, blue, brown, green, gray, black. Compare!

TUNE IN Phil Baker in "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT"—CBS, Sunday Nights

Ann Sothorn in "MAISIE"—CBS, Friday Nights

*Give **EVERSHARP**—and you give the finest!*

EVERSHARP
Skyliner Set

\$875

Pen Alone—\$5.00

Pencil—\$3.75

Service Guaranteed Forever
If Your **EVERSHARP** Ever Needs
Service, We Will Put It In
Good Order For 35¢. This Service
Is Guaranteed... Not For
Years... Not For Life... But
Guaranteed Forever!

© 1957, Eversharp, Inc.

EASY TO SEE

why Chesterfield is by far
the favorite of Hollywood Stars

Virginia Mayo ONE OF THE STARS IN
"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"
DRESSED IN THE NEW CHESTERFIELD PRINT



A B C
BETTER TASTING
ALWAYS Milder
COOLER SMOKING

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION · WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS · PROPERLY AGED

